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THE CORNISH COAST

(NORTH)

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THE CORNISH COAST

(NORTH)

BY

CHARLES G. HARPER

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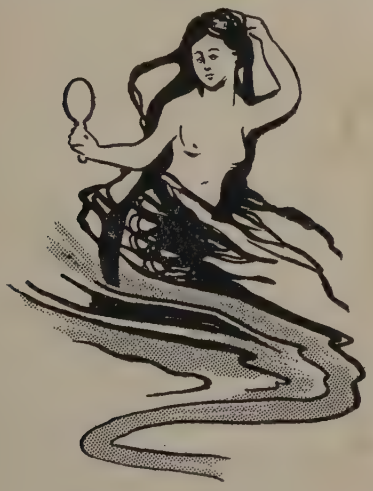

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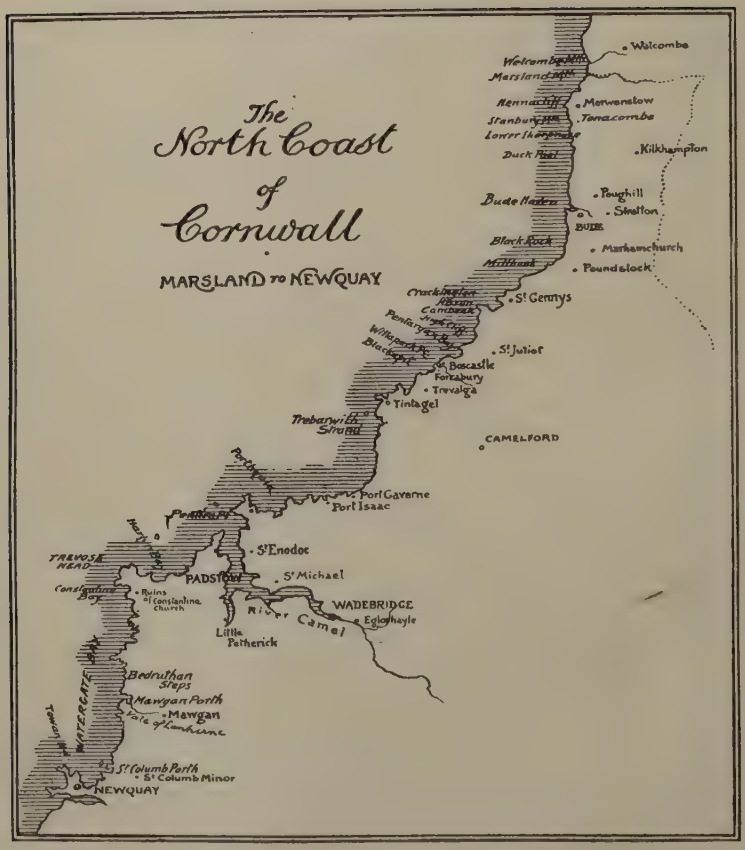
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The Cornish Coast NORTH

INTRODUCTION

The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland comprises England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, to which a patriotic Cornishman might feel inclined to add Cornwall. And, if he did so, he would be in large measure justified, for Cornwall is not merely a county, although generally placed in that middle position between a mere shire and a distinct national entity. It is a Duchy, and, more than that, has something approaching a distinct nationality. Still the Cornishman may be heard talking of "going into England," when he intends crossing the Tamar and entering Devon; and to this day all who come westward across that stream are "foreigners." It is from no fantastic notion that he holds these views, but merely as a curious survival of ancient conditions, when Cornwall was still an independent country, the land of the Cornu-Welsh; the ultimate west,

where the Saxon had not yet prevailed. Who, then, are the Cornish? They are, even as the Welsh of Wales, the surviving Britons, the last of the race, divided into many tribes, that peopled Britain when Cæsar and later Romans came and conquered the isle. The Britons were originally an invading race. They came from the Continent, and are the first we know of among the several peoples, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, who have overrun what is now England and submerged, or partly submerged, its earlier inhabitants. Historians prefer to style them "Brythons." We shall probably not be far wrong in supposing that the Britons, when finally conquered by the Romans and when the land had definitely become a colony of the Empire, were a happy people: as happy, that is to say, as any Celtic race is capable of being. They partook of the Roman civilisation, and became not merely an inferior conquered race, but intermarried with their conquerors. Thus arose a newer nation copartners with the Romans of the Continent in the arts and in the Christian religion. The Romano-Britons, in the long-drawn agony of the Empire's decay, very nearly won permanent independence; but when the Roman legionaries were withdrawn, in A.D. 410, their culture, unsupported by military strength, fell into ruin with the centuries of desperate struggles against invading ruthless hordes of barbarians. When barbarians attack, it is a war of extermination that follows, and as the Britons were by degrees for a space of five hundred

years, from about A.D. 410 until 936, driven westward by the Saxon hosts, the slaughter was long-continued and prodigious. In that period the light of culture went out, and was only lit anew in the last sixty-five years of it, under the rule of Alfred the Great.

The final disaster for the Britons was the conquest of Cornwall by Athelstan, grandson of Alfred, in 936. The Britons of Wales and those of Cornwall had already been divided from one another by Saxon victories in the neighbourhood of Gloucester and Bath, and the Saxons knew them henceforward as the "Welsh" and the "West Welsh" or Cornu-Welsh, *i.e.* the Welsh who occupied the horn-shaped land (Cornwall). The only communication that then was left between the Britons of Wales and Cornwall was that arm of the sea we now call the Bristol Channel. Meanwhile, already in the initial troubles of the fifth and sixth centuries, there had been a considerable exodus from Britain into the land then called Armorica, across the ninety miles or more of the English Channel; the land that came afterwards to be called Brittany. The Bretons of Brittany are, in fact, descendants of those fifth- and sixth-century emigrants, and of those others who followed when Athelstan conquered Cornwall in the tenth century, and to this day we not only find part of Brittany known as Cornouaille, and discover the essential sameness of the Welsh and the Brezonec languages, but happen upon many place-names identical in Brittany and Cornwall,

with the mere exception of an insignificant letter or so. Thus we find in Cornwall a Lanyon, and in Brittany a Lannion; a Landewednack, and a Landevenec; a St. Michael Caerhayes, and a St. Michel Carhaix; a St. Breock, and a St. Brieuc; with a parallel to the Lizard in "Lezardrieux."

Mr. Henry Jenner, author of a work on the Cornish language, tells us that the old language of Cornwall even more nearly resembles that of Brittany than Welsh, and describes how, making a speech in the Cornish tongue at a meeting in Brittany, he was fairly well understood by the Bretons.

Brittany, which has often been called "Little England," is far larger than our Cornwall, as this table will at once show:

	Square miles	Population 1891
Brittany ..	13,130 ..	3,162,272
Cornwall ..	1,356 ..	322,589

Cornwall, therefore, both in respect of area and population, is only about one-tenth the size of Brittany.

The population of Cornwall, moreover, is decreasing. It reached its maximum in 1861, when it was 369,390, and has since then exhibited a steady decline, falling by 1891 to 322,589; a decrease of over 1,500 a year, spread over a period of thirty years. The cause of this consistent shrinkage is found in the progressive decay in that period of the tin and copper mining, which used

to be the staple industries of Cornwall. But better times are coming, and at any rate there has been no development of Cornwall in which the foreigner has come and thrust his alien name upon those Cornish names, whose characteristic beginnings Camden noted over three centuries ago, in the rhyme,

> By Tre, Ros, Pol, Caer, and Pen,
> You may know the most Cornish men.

The chief products of Cornwall are so well known to be "copper, tin, and fish," that long ago the phrase thus enumerating them won to a celebrity almost as widespread as the county motto, "One and All"; and, indeed, itself was thought by some actually to be the motto. The Cornish seas, needless to say, remain as teeming as ever, and there is probably more copper and tin remaining within the stubborn granite rocks of the county, than has ever been extracted from it in all the two thousand years in which we know mining for those metals to have been carried on. But for many years Cornish mining has been under a cloud. In the old days, when tin and copper were found chiefly in Cornwall, Cornishmen shared among themselves the advantages that come naturally to those who possess almost a monopoly in anything; but when great finds of copper were made in Spain and North America, they began to feel the effects of competition, and their ruin was almost wholly compassed by the extraordinarily rich deposits of tin discovered in

the Straits Settlements in 1870, and in Australia in 1875. These finds very seriously brought down the price per ton of copper and tin ore, and thus rendered it in the majority of cases commercially impossible to continue mining in Cornwall, where deep levels and the highly costly equipment necessary in old workings could not compete with the rich lodes and cheap labour abroad. Thus the busy mining-fields in Cornwall gradually grew silent, and the mine-shafts and engine-houses deserted. The Cornish, fortunately for themselves, are a frugal and an adaptive people, and the busy miners faced the altered conditions and, very generally, resigning themselves with a sigh to expatriation, turned to Australia or to Asia, and went to seek a fortune or a wage at their old, hereditary trade under alien skies. Later, when the goldfields of the Rand were discovered, Cornishmen flocked also to South Africa. There are probably forty thousand Cornishmen now in Australia and the Straits Settlements alone. The conditions abroad are very different from those that have survived in Cornwall from ancient times, and have done much to hamper enterprise. Here the old "tribute" system, at last dying out, obtained: a method by which the working miner shared the risks and profits of the "adventurer," or speculator in the work of a mine, instead of receiving a fixed wage. The Duchy of Cornwall and the ground-landlords alone benefit without working for it, or without risking anything; taking their mining royalties whether the miners

lose or gain. Under foreign skies the Cornish miner usually remains a stranger in a strange land, hoping always to return to Cornwall when he has made a competency. That is why there are so many married women and children in Cornwall whose husbands and fathers are away. The Cornish love their wild country as passionately as any other branch of the Celtic family their home, as the Scottish highlanders their lochs and glens, the Irish their bogs and mountains, or the Welsh their own beautiful land. But, unlike those nations, their love is dumb, and has never found expression in song and story. A Cornishman is never eloquent about Cornwall, but he always returns, if it be possible; and meanwhile he leaves his people at home, sending home with the punctuality of an automaton a goodly proportion of his earnings for the support of those left behind. And, since travel is so cheap and has brought the ends of the earth into such ready communication, he not seldom comes home on a flying visit, until such time as he can return for good, and settle for the rest of his days in his own grey-green land of granite, in some comfortable cottage, handy to one of those uncompromisingly ugly Bible Christian chapels that are a feature of Cornwall, wherein he will on Sundays uplift a voice, earnest indeed, but unmelodious, in psalmody.

Although the true Cornishman is so patriotic where his own Cornwall is concerned, he is no Imperialist; hence the great rush home of miners

from the Transvaal when the troubles arose there, leading up to the great Boer War of 1899–1902. Others might fight for the Empire. It was not a pleasing thing to contemplate.

Another and more welcome change has within the last few years come upon the mining fortunes of Cornwall. The world's demands for tin and copper have grown enormously, the market price of those metals has in consequence risen, until it has become once more possible to get tin and copper out of the granite and slate rock at a profit. It is largely that matter of market-price, just as the annual acreage under wheat in other parts of England is influenced by the rise or fall of the price per quarter. Not, however, wholly an affair of markets, for in these latter days improved and cheapened methods of mining have been introduced, among which electrical installations for the costly purpose of pumping, compressed air, and the diamond-drill have effected much saving.

Mining had never wholly ceased in Cornwall, and Dolcoath and the extreme westerly mining-field of Pendeen were active in the worst times, with Levant and Botallack hard by; and the weekly ticketings of ore at Redruth, where the tin and copper are sold, had not ever ceased; but those mines in work were the exception, and a railway journey through West Cornwall from Truro, where the Great Western runs through the midst of a once busy scene, had become for the most part a weird experience, like that of passing

through a dead and deserted land. There stretched away the desolate region of Scorrier and Chacewater, with hundreds of derelict engine-houses, all of one pattern, looking, with their chimneys, in the twilight like so many monstrous animals of the giraffe kind. Heaps of poisonous mine refuse, on which nothing will grow, strewed the scene, and nowhere was there the slightest sign of activity. Not a wisp of smoke, telling of a mine at work, floated from any of the chimneys.

To-day signs of a renewed life become more and more increasingly manifest. Pits long idle are being reopened and engine-houses and plant of an entirely new type are being erected. The renascence of mining is, however, on its trial here, and it is as yet too early to form a judgment as to whether it is merely a passing wave, or whether a new era has really dawned. The old-time mine-managers—the "captains," as they are always called in Cornwall—are a little scornful of electrical pumping plant, and of the scientific ways of up-to-date mining engineers. They cherish a very great respect for the old Cornish pumping engines (or "inyins" as your true Cornishman would say), which for generations effectually drained the most profound pits, and consider the electrical contrivances to be too delicate. But those old "captains," although for the most part, in common with the Cornish in general, Liberal if not Radical in politics, are the veriest Conservatives in mining practice, and consider their old rule-of-thumb the best method,

and consequently any change a change for the worse.

It is instructive to briefly glance at the fortunes of tin and copper, which mean so much to this western land, and to note the wild rises and falls in value of these metals. The metallic tin—that is to say, tin after being smelted—produced in Cornwall rose in 1870 to 10,200 tons, and the price per ton, which in 1866 had fallen to £88, rose to £127 8*s.* 6*d.* In 1872 the price of tin reached its high-water mark of £152 15*s.* a ton, and thence declined to £65 12*s.* 3*d.* in 1878. It has since then gradually risen, and the market at this time of writing is strong at £151 12*s.* 6*d.*, with a prospect of the record price in 1872 being reached. Cornwall's immediate future in respect of tin is therefore particularly hopeful, and the output, which in 1899 fell to 4,013 tons, will doubtless soon rapidly increase.

Copper has experienced equal fluctuations. Pure copper was worth £104 per ton in 1872. By 1877 it had fallen to £58 5*s.* In 1893 it was down to £49 15*s.* and in 1904 to a trifle over £33. It is now quoted at £59 7*s.*

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CHAPTER I

MARSLAND MOUTH—MORWENSTOW—HAWKER, THE ECCENTRIC VICAR OF MORWENSTOW

We have already seen the historical warranty the Cornishman has when he talks, in crossing from Cornwall eastward, of "going into England," and now let it be duly set forth how far we have to go from the border-line at Marsland Mouth until the extremity of his country is reached, along the north coast, at Land's End. Measured in a straight line on the map, it is eighty-one miles, but nothing in the nature of such direct progression is possible, unless we elect to go by road, and that is only approximately straight, and rarely touches the coast. To explore the north Cornish coast afoot, following the cliff-tops and the coastguard-paths, and tracking along the shores of estuaries will bring the itinerary up to quite 120 miles. It is a rugged line of country, whether by cliff or by road, and the motor-car and the bicycle can only here and there approach the sea (the bicycle more frequently of the two) at seaside towns and villages; thus sampling, as it were, the delights of these coast-wise miles. Yet there is no reason why the Cornish coasts should not be explored in that

way. What is lacking in either of those two last methods can easily be made up by filling in with walking the stretches of coast impossible to them. Cornwall is certainly not impossible for a cyclist, but in the byways, he must be prepared for prodigious gradients and for scatters of loose stones.

The north coast of Cornwall begins, according to the modern county boundary, on the south side of the romantic tangled combe called Marsland Mouth, nine miles south of Hartland Point. It should, however, if there be aught in the etymology of place-names, begin rather at Welcombe Mouth, the matter of a mile back, for Welcombe is shown in ancient records as "Walcombe," and "Wala-combe"; that is to say, the Welsh, or Strangers' valley. The name, given by the invading Saxons, indicated the frontier of that country into which the Cornu-Welsh, or Cornish, had been driven.

Trending almost due south from Hartland, the coast-line continues to follow that course for another eleven or twelve miles, past Bude, and then gradually assumes a south-westerly direction.

The beginning of this coast is an obscure and difficult point for the explorer to reach, and he who would follow the cliffs to Morwenstow will find that, although it measures but a mile and a half on the map, it is really about four miles of, for the most part, toilsome scrambling.

Two years before this walk from Marsland

Mouth to Morwenstow was undertaken, I came on a bicycle down to the Mouth, just where a plank-bridge spans the stream which divides Devon and Cornwall, and there, having set foot in Cornwall and completed that which I had set myself to do, turned back "home-along," as we say in the West. Even so, I thought, Cæsar, before the dawn of the Christian era, came to Britain and, looking upon it, left, intending to return when opportunity served. Yes, you may smile at the simile, you who know only such coasts as those where the scenery is tame, and where level roads skirt the shore! Here, where savage cliffs, deep valleys, and steep hillsides give upon the Atlantic, where coastguard paths may exist, but are impossible to be found, and where only by the merest chance a solitary farm or an occasional human being is to be happened upon, the explorer finds himself committed to something of an enterprise.

I said I came down to Marsland Mouth on a bicycle, but it should rather be said *with* a bicycle, for no one, having come to the hilltop road that passes two atrociously ugly plaster villas, and then spills sharply down the hillside in circumstances of dust, loose stones, and abrupt corners, would be mad enough to ride down. So I walked it down, and returned likewise, meeting down below an old man with a donkey laden with sand, who was of opinion that no machine could be taken through that way to Morwenstow. He was wrong there, for a road of sorts exists, but

it does not touch the coast, and whoever wants to come upon the cliffs must do so on foot, and not easily either.

The footpath down to the Mouth itself winds through ferny brakes and dense, woody undergrowths with so many twists and turns that nothing can be seen beyond a few yards. A mile or more of this, and then a black-avised opening is disclosed, where the little stream plunges out from the thorns, blackberry-brambles, and scrub-oaks of the valley on to a little beach, and then, like some maniac rushing upon destruction, loses itself in the roaring sea. The sea, indeed, roars here, the long ground-swell of the Atlantic dashing in great curving rollers, crested with foam, like the manes of white horses, upon the lonely strand, and filling the air with salt particles: aerated sea-water, than which few things are more refreshing. Grinning black cliffs enclose the little bay, and a dark, ugly-snouted crag, "Gull Rock," stands out to sea.

A scramble up the cliffside leads to a devious way amid the gorse and bracken, where the sullen rocks go sheer to the water, with gigantic fallen fragments below, all ringed about with foam. Looking backward, the eye ranges over the valley, up to where a farmhouse is seen: that small farmstead built in 1656 by one William Atkyns as a residence, and now figuring in Mr. Baring Gould's story, "The Gaverocks." Fiction, indeed, has been busily employed upon this coast-line. Kingsley annexed Marsland Mouth

in his "Westward Ho!" and Hawker, a more subtle and insidious worker in the art, has peopled these cliffs and the Morwenstow countryside in general with the wild creatures of his imagination, or with highly elaborated versions of the wreckers, pirates, and smugglers, who flourished on these coasts in a small way of business. The country-folk here were always, of course, being Celts, marvel-mongers, but their imaginations were limited. The Reverend R. S. Hawker, on the other hand, the famous Vicar of Morwenstow, possessed a fecund and inventive mind. Your humble, pettifogging pirate (not your blood-boltered majestic pirate of the Spanish Main, but the comparatively harmless fellow of the West Country) became in his hands a creature of superhuman attributes and super-diabolical passions; and your striving, hand-to-mouth smuggler was metamorphosed into a far-seeing syndicate of "free-traders," who did business on a wholesale scale, even engineering hollow lanes leading up from the Mouths with earthwork banks on either side, constructed so that the Revenue officers should not observe the trains of pack-horses, laden with spirit-tubs, winding inland from the shore. Such a creature, an impossible combination of pirate, smuggler, and devil, was his "Cruel Coppinger." The real "Cruel Coppinger" was far less terrible; and in actual life a far milder man than the untutored local legends made him. He is represented to have come, by some almost satanic agency, in storm and ship-

wreck, to this coast, and after a long career of murder, piracy, smuggling, and local intimidation to have vanished in like manner; but we find him, in real life, a bankrupt in 1802, and a prisoner in the King's Bench, and later subsisting on an allowance from his wife, paid him on condition of his living apart from her. I have analysed this preposterous, ogreish figure at length elsewhere,* and find his proportions to consist of something like six parts Hawker and three parts local marvel-mongering, with the small residuum of one-part truth.

The tragedy of the pedestrian who would see this coast is that he is no sooner up out of one Mouth and on the breezy hillside, than he sees before him the sharp descent into another, at whose foot he stews and gasps, if it be summer, in a close, still atmosphere. Thus there comes the descent into Yeol, or Yuol, Mouth, with its little stream, and thence a further rise to Hennacliff, 450 feet high, the crowning height. No attempt at heroics shall here be made in respect of Hennacliff: imagine it to be a culmination of the scenery already passed, and that shall suffice. He who would write upon the Cornish coast must early learn to husband his adjectives.

From this point Morwenstow is well disclosed, the church standing half-way up a valley, and on a spur of one of the great semi-circular hills that here are bare of trees, or wooded merely

* "The Smugglers," pp. 129–136.

in occasional patches. Such an isolated wood is that which shelters Morwenstow church.

There is nothing at all resembling a village at Morwenstow. The homely "Bush" inn, more nearly in the likeness of a farm than an inn, stands with some bartons and a cottage or two, on a common-like scrap of land just off the south-east side of the churchyard, and the vicarage lies just down below, on the north. In summer time a

MORWENSTOW.

carriage or a waggonette, a bicycle, perhaps, and a few strangers peering curiously about will be seen, for Morwenstow has during these latter days become a place of pilgrimage on account of the eccentric Robert Stephen Hawker, vicar here forty-one years. Hawker died in 1875, and successive biographies and quaint stories of him in guide-books have ever since then gradually established a kind of Hawker legend, that is very valuable to any contemplative philosopher who

may be travelling in Cornwall intent on its mythology and legends; for we have here an example of an interesting and singular personality, around which legends are surely accruing, just as they did, ages ago, around the personalities of those dim figures who are now Cornish saints; those among them, that is to say, who ever really existed at all. The art of printing and the consequent more or less exact recording of facts have for some centuries past nipped the growth of such legends, and have fixed the shifting sands of hearsay, just as grasses give stability to the blown sandhills by the seashore, so it is scarce likely that Hawker will ever be canonised; but he is lionised instead, so greatly indeed, that no book on the Cornish coast could be considered complete without some account of him.

Robert Stephen Hawker was born December 3rd, 1803, at Plymouth; son of a doctor, and grandson of the Rev. Robert Hawker, vicar of Charles church. In after-years his father abandoned the medical profession and entered the Church, becoming eventually (1833) vicar of Stratton, where he died in 1845. Hence his early association with this neighbourhood, confirmed by the offer and acceptance of the living of Morwenstow in 1834. Whether at Plymouth with his grandfather, or at Stratton, where his father had become curate as early as 1808, he early distinguished himself by boyish escapades and reckless high spirits. They knew him well, even down as far as Bude, where, on one occasion,

"dressin' up in seaweed an' not much else, an' zettin' on a rock in the munelight, an' combin' his hair, all the town went out to zee 'en. They thoft et wer a merry-maid, sure 'nuff. An' ther 'a zet an' zinged every night, till a varmer tuk a gun an' tried to shut en."

He was sent to Oxford in 1823, and entered at Pembroke College, but his prospects of remaining there until he had taken his degree were suddenly dashed by the news that his father could no longer afford the expense. He seems to have been suddenly confronted with this disastrous news when at home at Stratton, during vacation. Hearing it, "without waiting to put on his hat," says Mr. Baring-Gould in his biography of Hawker, "he ran from Stratton to Bude, arrived hot and blown at Efford, and proposed to Miss Charlotte I'Ans to become his wife."

The story of that two-miles run has been contradicted, but it is quite characteristic of Hawker; nor was it done without a reason. At that time there resided partly at Bude, and partly at Whitstone, six miles from Stratton, the four middle-aged daughters of one Colonel I'Ans, who had died in 1816. Their house at Bude, known as Efford Manor, still stands, and is now the vicarage. The I'Ans family had been long on terms of friendship with the Hawkers. Miss Charlotte I'Ans, one of the four sisters, was then forty-one years of age, while Hawker himself was not quite twenty. Mr. Baring-Gould tells us that she was his godmother, and had taught

him his letters; and certainly when she was a young woman of some twenty years old, she had nursed and petted the boy. The strangely assorted couple were married at Stratton, and the bridegroom's father performed the ceremony. The lady's fortune enabled him to return to Oxford and complete his career there, at Magdalen Hall.

Mr. C. E. Byles, writing a definite life of Hawker, from the point of view of a relative, objects to this story, and declares it to be untrue that the marriage was the mercenary one it is thus made to appear; but whatever the motive, the fact remains that at the moment when Hawker's prospects were likely to have been spoiled for lack of money, he did suddenly propose to, and marry, a woman old enough to be his mother, and possessed of the means by which he was enabled to complete his University course. To blink or to attempt to obscure that fact is merely to tacitly acknowledge the mercenary nature of the affair.

It was in 1828 that Hawker took his B.A. degree. The following year he became curate at North Tamerton. When he was appointed to Morwenstow in 1834, by Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, the parish was still inhabited by quaint characters, sufficiently shrewd in worldly affairs, even though few of them could write or read. The Church of England had no hold whatever upon them. "They were," says Hawker himself, "a mixed multitude of smugglers, wreckers, and dissenters of various hue." This association

sufficiently shows Hawker's attitude towards Nonconformists; but he should perhaps have explained that John Wesley, the great preacher of whom he speaks of "persuading the people to alter their sins," would never have obtained his chance here and elsewhere, if the clergy of the Church of England had only done their duty. The bitter expression of "altering" their sins, instead of leaving them, cannot be forgiven him. It simply discloses the unending antagonism between the State Church and the free Churches. For myself, I recently heard a Very Reverend Dean, speaking in public, rather taking credit for the goodwill in our own times displayed by the Establishment towards Nonconformists. "We have found a neutral term," he said, "and speak of them as 'the denominations—the names.'" How generous!

The position of affairs when Hawker came to Morwenstow was indeed characteristic. The vicarage was in ruins, for there was no resident clergyman, nor had been for upwards of a hundred years. The Reverend Oliver Rouse had been the last occupant, and he was no shining light wherewith to illumine the darkness of the wreckers, the smugglers—and the dissenters. He was related by marriage to Thomas Waddon, of Tonacombe, who had a brother resident at Stanbury, and the three of them took turn and turn about to visit one another's houses, there card-playing and drinking far into the night. Often, in these drunken sessions, they would break their

glasses, and at last the humorous idea occurred to them that it would be a waggish and an appropriate thing to construct a lantern set with the feet of those demolished drinking-vessels, to keep them in mind of the liquor that was gone and of the jolly evenings it had produced. And the guest, or guests, whose turn it was to walk home took the lantern, to light him on his way. After

MORWENSTOW VICARAGE.

having come into Hawker's possession, this curious lantern at last found its way to Tonacombe, where it still remains, a large oriental-looking wooden affair, set with about twenty feet of wine-glasses, and with other fragments of glass cut into diamond and heart shapes.

The vicarage had stood near the church tower, on the south-west side of the churchyard. Hawker in the course of five years built a new one, on a new site: a spot he had observed the

sheep select when sheltering from storms. With his mystical mind, he compared his vicarage with the sheep-shelter, and called it a refuge for his flock; but no doubt his first intention was to make himself as comfortable as he could. He was largely his own architect, which accounts for the eccentricities of the building; its chimneys representing, rather roughly, the church-towers of the various places with which he had been associated: Stratton, Whitstone, Magdalen, North Tamerton, and others not so readily to be identified. The kitchen chimney was a model of his mother's tomb.

The living of Morwenstow was the very excellent one of £365 a year. In allusion to this, he placed over his porch a slab of slate, with the verse:

A House, A Glebe, A Pound a Day,
A pleasant Place to Watch and pray:
Be true to Church, Be kind to Poor,
O Minister, for ever more.

Hawker's dedicatory verse was exquisitely satirised in the neighbourhood:—

With all these benefits supplied,
A pound a day, and more beside,
How very good this man should prove,
How full of zeal, how full of love!

But different the times we see
Since Jesus walked on Galilee,
And did poor fishermen prepare
His holy Gospel to declare.

Nor purse, nor scrip He bade them take,
But preach the Gospel for His sake,
And not a single word did say
Of house, or glebe, or pound a day.

By 1850, when the value of Morwenstow had for a time decreased, he had also obtained the curacy of Welcombe, worth £93 a year.

Hawker's life at Morwenstow was eccentric, but through it all ran a vein of poetry. Considered simply from the literary point of view leaving out of sight his sacerdotal pretensions, his is a considerable and admirable figure, touched with genius. His "Silent Tower of Bottreaux," and the Trelawny ballad are deservedly famous. In the churchyard still stands in an ungainly fashion the white-painted figurehead of the wrecked *Caledonia*, lost in 1842, marking where nine of her crew lie. It is not "stately," as Hawker would have it, and it is indecent, not in the vulgar sense of the word, but in the feeling that its unsupported legs make a ludicrous figure of what was intended to be a noble, national personification; but his verse is touching:—

Stand, silent image! Stately stand
Where sighs shall breathe and tears be shed,
And many a heart of Cornish land
Will soften for the strangers' dead.
They came on paths of storm: they found
This quiet home on Christian ground."

At the same time, it must have been a gruesome thought to any mariner sailing past Morwenstow,

who knew the place and its vicar, that should he come to shipwreck on its shore, there lived a parson-poet up the valley, to whom his end on the cold, grey stones might be a poetic inspiration !

It is strange, in a person of Hawker's views, to find that he tolerated animals in the church, and to read that ten or more of the many cats

FIGUREHEAD OF THE *Caledonia*.

he kept would be found there during service ; while his dog sat on the chancel steps. He had the oddest impulses. Near by the vicarage is a little wood of oaks and sycamores, formerly inhabited by jackdaws. Hawker proposed to establish a rookery there, and, procuring a ladder, removed the jackdaws' nests, placing them beside one of the chimneys of the vicarage. Then he

offered up the following petition : "O Jackdaws, I will make you a promise. If you will give up these trees to rooks, you shall have the chimney of my blue room for ever and ever, Amen." And the jackdaws removed accordingly.

Mrs. Hawker died early in 1863, over eighty years of age. Her grave-stone is in the pavement of the church, near the pulpit. By the close of 1864 Hawker had married again. His first venture had been to marry a woman old enough to be his mother : his second eccentricity was to marry a girl of twenty, young enough to be his granddaughter. He was rejuvenated, and lived an active life almost to the last. Visiting Plymouth in August 1875, he was taken ill there and died on the 14th, not in possession of his mental faculties at the last. As he lay in that condition, his wife sent for a Roman Catholic priest, who "received" him, unconscious of the reception, into that Church. And so, as a pervert, Robert Stephen Hawker died and was buried, not at Morwenstow, but in Plymouth cemetery. He had been for many years half on the way to Rome ; but the scandal of that death-bed scene created much bitter controversy, and the gain of that insensible unit probably in the end lost the Roman Catholics much.

The present vicar of Morwenstow appears to suffer sorely under the infliction of living in a house of such peculiar design, made famous by so eccentric a character, for in the porch of the church will be found a written notice reproving

one class of tourist: "Tourists are reminded that before standing immediately in front of a gentleman's house, and photographing it, it is at least courteous to ask permission." This acid rebuke, judging from the disparaging remarks scribbled across it, and by the elision of the word "gentleman," appears to be resented; and, to an unbiassed observer, who does not take photographs, the notice certainly appears to be the wrong way of correcting people who do wrong things.

Lesser men always suffer in this way for residing in houses made famous by greater. Some have even been so infuriated that they have actually demolished the place of pilgrimage; just as Shakespeare's house, "New Place," at Stratford-on-Avon, was destroyed in the eighteenth century. Up to the present, no vicar of Morwenstow who has followed Hawker has in the least, by his own personality, dimmed the fame of that remarkable man; even though the present view of the countryside is that he was "a bit of a crank." That was the exact expression used in a conversation the present writer held with a Cornishman near by. "I knew old Hawker well," said he, "he baptized me. Queer old fellow he was. He used to pinch the babies at the font, to make 'em squeal, and let the devil out of 'em, as he said."

Morwenstow church is not dedicated to St. Morwenna, grand-daughter of Brychan, a Welsh prince, who died A.D. 450, but to St. John the

Baptist, from whose holy well issues the little stream flowing through the churchyard. The well and the land on which it stands formed the subject of a two-years' lawsuit in 1843, when Sir John Yarde Buller, the landowner, claimed it, and Hawker successfully resisted. The litigation cost Buller £1,370. Morwenna's shrine has never been found.

Hawker found much symbolism in the stream flowing through the churchyard. It was, he said, typical of Jordan, the river that ran close by the scene of St. John the Baptist's ministrations. He found another allusion in the three steps by which you descend into the church. "Every church dedicated to John the Baptizer," he said, "is thus arranged. We go down into them, as those who were about to be baptized of John went down into the water."

In a land like Cornwall, where few Norman churches remain, this of Morwenstow commands attention. Very little of the exterior, however, is other than Perpendicular, and the arch of the south porch, built at some late period, although Norman, is formed of the outer order of the fine semi-circular Norman south door, hidden within. It would seem that the quite un-architectural masons who constructed that porch and wanted a decorative arch without the trouble of working the stones, looked upon the Norman arch of three orders, and, considering that it could well spare one, removed it for their purpose, and thus sinned more flagrantly than they knew.

It is an unexpectedly beautiful interior, and of very diversified appearance: the north nave-arcade exhibiting heavy Norman and Early English arches, and the south displaying the strong contrast of a slim and graceful Late Perpendicular style, remarkably pure for its date, which is actually post-Reformation, an additional proof of what we know very well, that Cornwall, strongly Nonconformist though it now is, was bitterly opposed to the Reformation, and rebelled and fought and bled for the old faith. Fortunately, lest the late date of this arcade might be doubted, one of its capitals is plainly, and oddly, inscribed:

THIS WAS MADE ANNO MVCLX4,

i.e. 1564. The inscription on another capital,

THIS IS THE HOUSE OF THE LORD,

has been built in upside down.

The font is hewn out of a large, mis-shapen block of granite, with a cable-moulding about its middle. Hawker's imagination ran riot upon the details of his church, and when the fine chevron, or zig-zag, mouldings of two of the Norman arches were mentioned in his hearing, he would exclaim indignantly, "Zig-zag! Do you not see that it is near the font this ornament occurs? It is the ripple of the Lake of Genesareth; the Spirit breathing upon the waters of baptism." I don't know how he symbolised the ram's head sculpture between two of the arches, nor the

grinning human head, between two others, with protruding tongue, nor the mingled birds' heads and horrid faces in the middle order of one arch ; but it can doubtless easily be done if one has a mind to it.

He out-symbolised the symbolists, and saw parables everywhere ; in the woodwork representing a vine, and in every decorative detail. The original artists who wrought here would have been astonished to know how profound they had unwittingly been.

But Hawker also dressed symbolically, affecting an odd costume that typified a " fisher of men." He wore long sea-boots and a fisherman's blue jersey, with a red cross worked into the side, marking where the centurion's spear had wounded Our Lord. The seals he used for sealing letters bore the mystical Pentacle of Solomon, containing the Hebrew letters forming the name " Jehovah," and the equally mystic Fish. His walking-stick, now preserved at Tonacombe, had a cross-handle.

Since Hawker's day, a new east window has been inserted, abundantly allusive to him. It includes representations of St. Morwenna ; St. John the Baptist ; the Well of St. John, with Hawker and his dog beside it ; the figurehead of the *Caledonia*, the font, churchyard cross, Manning tomb, and many other things ; and is thus very much of a curiosity among windows.

The object of inserting all these things, especially a picture of the Manning tomb, is not

very clear, unless the designer and the subscribers wished to "live up to" the eccentricity of Hawker himself. They have certainly succeeded. The tomb itself is a striking object in the churchyard, and no one can fail to notice it; a tall, rugged, and very substantial altar-tomb of granite, that looks very white and new for its age of over three centuries. An inscription is carved round it, in enormous letters, but they are only with difficulty traced, because of the ruggedness and whiteness of the material, flecked with felspar. It appears to run:

"Here Lieth John Maning of . . . Who Died Without Issue . . . I am Beried in the VI Daie of August 1601."

This John Manning was a yeoman of Stanbury, who was killed six weeks after his marriage with Christina Kempthorne, by being gored by a bull. Shortly afterwards his wife died of grief, and both lie within this granite casket. Hawker discovered the great wooden four-poster bed that had not only belonged to that ill-fated couple, but had evidently been made especially for them, with their names carved on it; and he coveted this curious article of furniture. The farmer to whom it belonged would not part, not at any price, so then Hawker was reduced to the dirty trick of frightening him out of it. He drew a dreadful picture of how many persons must of necessity have died during the two hundred and fifty years on that bed in which he slept, and grew so eloquent about it, that the farmer

was horrified at the thought of ever using it again. So Hawker not merely became possessor of it, but even got it at a gift! And I suppose that edifying story can be the only possible reason for the Manning tomb figuring in the east window.

Where the cliffs break away in preliminary grassy tumbles, down at the seaward end of Morwenstow valley, Hawker in 1843 built a hut from some of the timbers of the *Alonzo*, wrecked here with all her crew lost. He partly excavated a room, which he covered with earth and turf, closing the entrance with a timber construction closely resembling a sentry-box, with the addition of a door in two compartments. Here he would often sit, writing and meditating. The hut still remains. In it Tennyson is said to have written the pathetic verses beginning with the well-known line, "Break, break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O sea!"

Out of these cliffs, half way down to the sea, there trickles a little spring, ceaselessly wearing away the earth by small and imperceptible degrees. It is called St. Morwenna's Well, and here, traditionally, she had landed and established her oratory, in this lonely spot, looking over the sea towards South Wales, the land from which she had come. I suppose she preferred the solitary life, after that of the family, which was of greater size than common; for she had twenty-four brothers and sisters. Some accounts say forty-nine. Fourteen others, besides

herself, according to legend, left the family fireside and sought peace and quiet on these shores. They all became saints: among them St. Neot, or Nectan, Endelient, Yse, Cleder, Helie, Adwen, Wenna, Menfre, Teth, and Merewenna, all of whom founded oratories, on the sites of which churches and villages bearing their names, distorted after the Cornish way, afterwards sprang up. They may be sought on the map as St. Neot's, St. Endellion, St. Issey, St. Clether, Egloshayle, Advent, St. Wenn, St. Minver, St. Teath, and Marhamchurch.

Hawker was accustomed to narrate a legend, which he had probably himself invented, of the death of St. Morwenna, here on the cliffs. "Raise me in thy arms, brother," she said to Nectan, who had come from his oratory at Hartland, "that my eyes may rest on my native Wales," and when her gaze rested upon the faint shadowy outline of the Welsh coast, that may sometimes be traced from this point, she died.

As I have remarked, Hawker probably invented this affecting exit; it would seem to him an effective rounding off, and was a mere nothing to him who could set up as an authority on angels and other mystical subjects. "Angels," he said, "have no wings; not a single feather." He held them to be like young men in white garments, and with deacon's albs, *i.e.* something after the style of curates and licentiates. But the fates forfend that Heaven should be populated by curates!

The many dreadful wrecks that have happened on this part of the coast, between Morwenstow and Bude, lend a fearful interest to the scene; to the point of Sharpnose that projects to the southward, to Stanbury Mouth, Duck Pool, and the long ranges of cliffs to Bude Haven.

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CHAPTER II

TONACOMBE—COMBE VALLEY—STOWE AND THE GRENVILLES—OLD HARVEST CUSTOMS

Up along the combe next to Morwenstow, with another little stream running down it, is the old manor-house of Tonacombe. A charge of a shilling is now made for being shown over Tonacombe, so the pilgrim may have not the least hesitancy in turning aside from the high road, walking down the long approach, and ringing the bell. He is placed on a business footing, and the cash nexus saves his self-respect, even though it might conceivably make the owner of Tonacombe in moments of reflection feel like an ordinary commercial showman.

It is a low-pitched, grey stone building, of few or no architectural features, that you see on approach, and it might pass for an ordinary farm, except for the singular fowls sculptured in stone and intended to represent eagles, that surmount the pillars on either side of the entrance-gate. They are signs of armigerous, and therefore gentle, owners in the past, probably the work of the Whaddons, who owned Tonacombe in the eighteenth century, in succession to the families known to have called it theirs from late

in the thirteenth century—Jourdains, Leighs, and Kempthornes. The house as it now stands is a work chiefly of the sixteenth century. You enter it by a porter's lodge, beneath a granite arch that conducts to a courtyard, from which in turn opens the principal feature of the mansion: the hall, still as of old, floored with stone,

TONACOMBE.

and with its ancient open fireplace. A minstrels' gallery occupies one end, the roof soaring up dimly in the restricted light as though it attained a considerable altitude; whereas in reality all the proportions of the hall are of the smallest: thirty feet in length by about thirty-five in height. At the same time, when Hawker first came as vicar to Morwenstow this hall wore a very different appearance. An earlier generation had divided it about midway of its height with

stout joists and a flooring, thus altering the appearance of the lower part to that of an ordinary room, and converting the upper into a kind of loft or attic. Mr. Martyn, the then owner, had been long resident at Tonacombe without knowing that the room below and the attic above were properly a hall, and it was left for Hawker to point it out to him. The restoration to its original form was then undertaken.

There are other interesting rooms here, and delightful gardens, where old-fashioned flowers grow and wall-fruit ripens against sunny old masonry. Kingsley took Tonacombe for a model in describing the mansion called "Chapel" in "Westward Ho!" Hawker thought the descriptions of localities in that story poor, and the story itself a failure.

Crossing Stanbury Mouth and the hillside of Lower Sharpnose Point, the charming ravine of "Combe Valley" is reached, at its seaward end known as Duck Pool, a little rock-strewn foreshore as unlike a duck-pool as may well be imagined. The usual little stream flows down the valley, and loses itself on the boulder-strewn beach, but the valley itself is innocent of trees, the very opposite of those of Welcombe and Marsland, where the woods grow so densely as to be almost impenetrable. "Combe," as we should properly call it (for "valley" is simply "combe" over again, in another language), is frank and open, without a vestige of secretiveness about it. Whether you stand at its land-

ward or its seaward end, it freely discloses itself. I like it, and stayed there all the hot summer afternoon, sitting bare-legged on boulders, with the cool incoming tide washing about my feet. Other people also like this delightful valley, it appears, for there was a large camping-party up along, beside the stream. Campers pay a fee, it would seem, to the Duchy of Cornwall, for the privilege of pitching their tents here.

Further up the valley, the road crosses the trout stream on the way to Bude. Here is a little bridge, built in 1836 through Hawker's exertions, where a ford and stepping-stones only existed before. It is not a great work, but it bears an inscription :

> Toward the erection of this bridge, built by subscription, in the year of human redemption 1836, his most gracious Majesty, King William the Fourth, gave the sum of Twenty Pounds.
>
> Fear God ! Honour the King !

A hundred yards or less above the bridge, where the hills begin to close in and narrow the valley, there stands adjoining an old farm and mill, Combe (or Coombe, for although the pronunciation is invariably that of two "o's," latitude appears to be allowed in the spelling of the word) Cottage. It is just as often known as Hawker's Cottage, and it is a whitewashed building, with thatched roof, unaltered since the days long before he became vicar of Morwenstow, when he stayed here reading for his University career after his

marriage in 1823. Even the window he altered to the shape of a cross remains unchanged. Here he wrote that best-known of all his works, the famous Trelawny Ballad, which deceived even Sir Walter Scott, who, when he saw it published anonymously, thought it a genuine seventeenth-century song. It first appeared in the Plymouth paper which owned the astonishing title of the *Royal Devonport Telegraph and Plymouth Chronicle,* on September 2nd, 1826, and was there described as a "Ballad written at the time when one of the Trelawny family was committed to the Tower in the reign of James II. The circumstances described in it are historically true."

These circumstances were the imprisonment and trial of the Seven Bishops in 1688. Among them was Sir Jonathan Trelawny, of Trelawne, near Looe, then Bishop of Bristol, whose peril aroused the Cornishmen of that time. They had proposed to march upon London, and sang a ballad of which only the chorus was remembered. This ran:

> And shall Trelawny die?
> Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
> Will know the reason why!

To this refrain Hawker had written a set of stirring verses, and sent them, obviously with the object of imposing upon the public, to the newspaper. He did not definitely claim the ballad until 1832; but that claim never actually set at rest the controversy arising over the sub-

ject. So late as 1862 he was writing bitterly to declare that it had been written by him "under a stag-horned oak in Sir Beville's Walk, in Stowe Wood," and that while the song was known everywhere and universally applauded, he, the author of it, remained "unprofited, unpraised, and unknown." He had, in fact, so thoroughly

HAWKER'S COTTAGE, COMBE VALLEY.

succeeded in his deception that he suffered all the rest of his life from it.

Combe Mill is a favourite walk from Bude, and I know of no place where is it more delightful to get a rustic tea than the mill-house. No need to ask diffidently if one can obtain tea here: the fact is obvious in the number of those gener-

ally to be seen doing so. And if Cornish cream, bread that is a revelation, saffron cake that is a delight, and various other desirables for which my stock of adjectives does not for the moment suffice, do not satisfy the hot and thirsty pilgrim, especially when taken beside the huge mill-wheel that goes round so slowly, spattering myriads of drops on ferns and moss, then surely he is hard to please.

Away above the mill-house, on the lofty lands at the crest of the long hill that rises so steeply, the roadway overhung by noble elms, is Stowe. Simply, if you please, Stowe, innocent of any proprietary name: "stowe," the station, the place where some person, or some race of old, settled, or bestowed, himself, or themselves. Morwenstow is a "stow" with a personal affix, but here is none at all. And yet, if famous men and ancient families have given their names to places elsewhere, does there not seem something lacking in Stowe not having taken on the name of the long-descended and loyal family of Grenville, who were of Norman origin, and, tracing their origin from Granville, came thence so many centuries ago? To trace the history of the Grenvilles were to write a considerable volume, and bulky volumes have indeed been written about them. There are still Grenvilles in the land, but you will no longer find them resident on their north Devon and Cornish lands, and although the property at Stowe belongs to the Thynne family, collateral descendants. The

Grenvilles have, in fact, so branched out that they spell their name in a large variety of ways. Earl Granville is at the head of them, and there are Grenfells, and even Greenfields of the same race; who, to be sure, were never quite certain how they liked best to spell the name. The great Sir Richard Grenville, who fell in that sea-fight off "Flores, in the Azores," celebrated in Tennyson's "Ballad of the Revenge," wrote himself "Greynvile," and others who handled the sword with certainty, when they took up their pens wrote their honoured names in such a variety of ways, not often twice alike, that we feel inclined to wonder what would have happened had banking-accounts and cheque-books then been in vogue. There are no Grenvilles here now, and their great house of Stowe is represented only by a farmhouse, but many dead Grenvilles lie in Kilkhampton church, something over two miles away—that church whose tall tower on these uplands is so wide a landmark here—including one whose fame rivals that of Sir Richard himself; none other than his grandson Sir Bevil, who fought for the King and gained the neighbouring battle of Stamford Hill, and was killed in the victory of Lansdown in 1643.

Not a fragment remains of the old house in which Sir Bevil and his ancestors lived, for his third son, John, created Earl of Bath in 1661, demolished it, and built in its stead New Stowe House, in 1680. This was a large and stately mansion of princely appearance, of whose beauties

and costly appointments a great deal was written in the course of its brief existence. The builder of this mansion died in 1701, and his son Charles, the second earl, shot himself dead by accident when travelling from London to attend his father's funeral. It was remarked, as a curious thing, that with his son, then seven years of age, there were three Earls of Bath above ground at the same time.

With the death of the third Earl, grandson of the magnificent John, in 1711, the title became extinct, and in 1739 New Stowe House was demolished and its materials sold by auction and dispersed far and wide. Thus, within the space of fifty-nine years it had been built, and the ground became again vacant, and there were many who had seen both the building and the pulling down of it. There is thus a curiously close parallel between New Stowe House and the famous example of Canons, in Middlesex, begun by James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, in 1815. It was one of the finest mansions, if not the finest, in England, and cost half a million sterling, yet by 1747 it had been entirely demolished, having existed only thirty-two years.

The stables of New Stowe House remain beside the road to Bude, and on part of the site stands a large granite house, Stowe Farm, still displaying over its pillared doorway a cartouche bearing the Grenville arms, three sufflues or pan-pipes, often thought, from their shape, to stand for graining-combs, and thus to represent a

pun upon "Graynville." All around, in the pastures of Stowe Farm, may be traced the grassy mounds and hollows that mark the foundations and the terraces of the vanished house, and the meadow immediately in front of the farmhouse is very largely pitched with a pavement of cobble-stones, a little beneath the surface. The grumbling farmer, on an evening tour of inspection of his gates, left open as a rule by trespassing Bude visitors, showed fragments of pillars and architectural carving often dug up. "Look here," he said, crossing the road and pointing to a sunken space in a field, "that is where they brought up their early vegetables."

Kilkhampton village no one would care to see. It is mean intrinsically and meaner by comparison with its large church, whose lofty Perpendicular tower soars high above the tall churchyard trees. A calvary cross of great size, with a painfully realistic figure of the Saviour, has recently been erected at the approach to the church, greatly to the distress of many. The great attraction of the church is, of course, the monument in the chancel to Sir Bevil Grenville, with its long inscription. Here follows merely the beginning of it, just to give a taste of its quality, and of the family pride of the Grenvilles:

"Here lies all that was mortal of the most noble and truly valiant Sir Beville Granville, of Stowe, in the county of Cornwall, Earl of Corbill and Lord of Thorigny and Granville in Normandy, descended in a direct line from

Robert, second son of the warlike Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, who, having obtained divers signal victories over the rebels in the West, was at length slain, with many wounds, at the battle of Landsdown, July 5th, 1643."

Eulogistic verses follow, ending with this question :

> Where shall ye next fam'd Granville's ashes stand ?
> Thy Grandsyre fills the Seas and thou ye land.

The question remains unanswered, for with Sir Bevil the knightly years were done, and succeeding Grenvilles were splendid in wealth and in ostentation, rather than famous, before their natural force was abated and their direct line ceased out of the land.

As we penetrate back into the country, from the more or less modernised fringe of the seashore, and come into places that have no "sights" to attract strangers, so do we happen upon surviving old customs. Here, on this high land, stretching to the Devon border behind Kilkhampton, the patriarchal custom still often survives in farmhouses, of the master and mistress and servants sitting down together to meals in the big kitchen, at one table. It is rapidly falling into disuse, chiefly on account of the farmers' wives, rather than from any innovating ideas on the part of the farmers themselves, who are not so easily bitten with new ideas, and dislike the introduction of class distinctions applied to their level in the social scale. Such a typical farmer will touch

his hat to a "gentleman" and recognise the different place he occupies, but he does not set up to be in a class above his own men. I have often sat at table in such old-fashioned farm-houses in the West, and thought nothing of it, and the farmers have not given the matter a moment's consideration, but their wives and daughters have been, almost always, honestly apologetic, not from sheer politeness, but from a genuine dislike of, and discontent with, the old custom; and, sooner or later, they contrive to abolish it.

Some of the more ancient of the farm-hands in remote situations recollect the last celebrations of harvest-home, when the customs that had existed for centuries before the coming of machinery were yet lingering in the ill-assorted company of threshing-machines and steam-ploughs. But the final decay and disappearance of these remaining observances, that had come down from early Saxon, and even from ancient British times, was due rather to the School Board and its short way with sentiment, than to machinery. "Education" taught the youthful mind to look upon the harvest merrymaking as "silly," and the parson did his destructive share in tracing this custom, that, and t'other to old-time pagan influence, and urging the abolition of time-honoured mummeries in favour of the smug correctitudes of the harvest festival, when the village church is changed for the time into the likenesses of a corn-chandler's and a greengrocer's

and fruiterer's shop, and clerical commonplaces issue from the pulpit to the hackneyed accompaniment of

> We plough the fields and scatter
> The good seed on the land.

The irony of it all is that Hodge does not commonly go to church at all, and that the "harvest thanksgiving" resolves itself, in the decoration of the church, into the occasion of an unlimited amount of flirting between the decorators and an equally unlimited amount of damage wrought by enthusiastic young ladies, ignorant and careless of archæology, upon rood-screens, fonts, and ancient sculpture in general, in efforts to nail up monster marrows and other marvellous agricultural produce in effective situations.

THE "NECK."

This is not the kind of thing to compensate for the old "harvest-homes" of a simpler generation. But precisely because the present is a much less simple age, and because it is more

difficult, if not impossible, now to amuse people with the things that sufficed our grandfathers, it is hopeless to wish those manners and customs back again. No resuscitated "harvest-home" nowadays would be considered complete without last season's topical music-hall songs, or the songs of some season before that. It would be hopeless to expect the current season's minstrelsy, for these things travel slowly into the villages.

A favourite form of harvest jollity in the West of England in general circled round the preparation of a kind of fetish known as "the neck," or the "nack," as some would have it. "Neck" is, however, the proper form, "nack" being the provincial phonetic way of rendering the word. This was the making of a miniature sheaf from some thirty or forty ears of corn, bound round and neatly finished off with plaited straw, sometimes very ingeniously patterned, according to the taste, fancy, and patience of those who made it. The celebration of "the neck" was of great antiquity, and finds mention in the Bailiff's rolls for Porlock so early as the fifteenth century, in which it is referred to as "the custom called le necke." In Brand's "Popular Antiquities," a work with a vast amount of miscellaneous information, badly arranged and not always accurate, we read: "When they have cut the corn, the reapers assemble together, a knack is made, which one placed in the middle of the company holds up, crying 'a knack,'

which all the rest repeat. The person in the middle then says :

> Well cut ! well bound !
> Well shocked ! well saved from the ground,

concluding with ' Whoop ! ' They then all holloa as loud as they can." Brand ascribes this to Devon, but it was common to all the West of England ; and the affair did not end here. The reapers then marched in a body to the farmhouse, the neck being borne by one of them. Arrived there, the problem was to carry it in with a rush through the open door of the house, without it being drenched with water by the womenfolk waiting at the open windows above, whose part it was to prevent, if possible, the neck being brought in dry. Such were the simple, boisterous sports of old. The successful bearer of the trophy, dry, into the house was rewarded, and the whole company entertained in the farmhouse kitchen, where the neck was suspended from the old rafters until the next harvest.

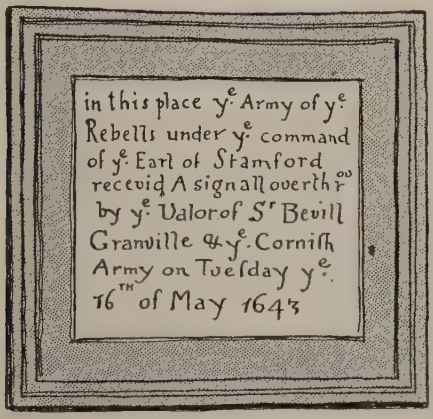
CHAPTER III

THE CORNISH ARMY, AND THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD HILL—SIR BEVIL GRENVILLE AT LANSDOWN

I SHALL proceed direct from Kilkhampton to Bude by the upper of the two inland roads, for Norcot Mouth and the cliffs between Duck Pool and Bude form something of an anticlimax to the crowning heights and deeper glens by Morwenstow. And I shall the more readily do this because Stratton is not only an interesting old town of narrow streets and steep, crowned by an ancient church, but because also of Stamford Hill that overlooks it: the hill where Sir Bevil won his victory of May 16th, 1643, by the valour of himself and of the Cornish army, as a tablet fixed in the wall of the "Tree" inn at Stratton, narrates.

But, first of all, we must learn something of the "Cornish army." The inscription reproduced here was read by a boy just fresh from a public school, and he knew nothing of the Cornish army that fought so valiantly for King Charles. Yet the establishment of that force, and perhaps also the eventual dwindling of it away, is one of the strongest proofs of the survival of law and

order even during the civil war. It originated in the passage westward, from Devonshire into Cornwall, at the close of the summer of 1642, of the Royalist Sir Ralph (afterwards Lord) Hopton, in command of a body of one hundred and fifty horsemen. Devonshire was almost solid for the Parliament, and was strongly held for it, and Cornwall, thoroughly Royalist, was thus entirely


in this place ye Army of ye
Rebells under ye command
of ye Earl of Stamford
receivid A signall overthr ow
by ye Valor of Sr Bevill
Granville & ye Cornish
Army on Tuesday ye
16th of May 1643

TABLET AT THE "TREE" INN, STRATTON.

isolated and helpless. But the coming of Hopton and his men across the Tamar roused the generous hearts there, and the gentlemen of Cornwall were soon in arms, chief among them Sir Bevil Grenville of Stowe, where the ancient practice of receiving the sons of squires and gentlemen for training in arms and chivalry, once common in all great and knightly families throughout England, still survived. To Stowe, therefore, that academy of arms and discipline now become

a Royalist centre in the West, came some of the most prominent men of Cornwall in arms for the King. Others assembled at Truro and elsewhere : old Sir John Arundel of Trerice, young Sidney Godolphin of Godolphin, and the equally youthful Sir John Trevanion of St. Michael Caerhayes, and Sir Nicholas Slanning, from Bickleigh in Devonshire. Grenville and the three last-named were accounted the four chief supporters of the King in the West : " the four wheels of Charles's wain," as the mournful verse, narrating their deaths in battle, has it :

> The four wheels of Charles's wain,
> Grenville, Godolphin, Trevanion, Slanning, slain.

But there were many more.

The survival of civil law, or the form of it, at this juncture, when an armed conflict was raging and physical force and the power of the sword might seem the only law to which respect would be paid, is remarkable ; and not long after Hopton and his men had crossed into Cornwall, which had until then been undisturbed, the principal men on the Parliament side, including Sir Richard Buller and Sir Alexander Carew, met their coming in arms by a legal attack at quarter-sessions. Quarter-staff would have been a better weapon of offence. An indictment was drawn up against the invaders and presented at Launceston, showing that certain unknown persons had come, armed, contrary to the peace,

into the county, and that they were dangerous to the public welfare and ought to be suppressed; their actions being likely to cause tumults and discontents, and loss of life, and damage to property. The object of those who presented this document to the justices is, of course, obvious. Cornwall, so far, had not been drawn into the bloodshed and destruction of the newly-opened civil war, and it was sought to keep the strife on the other side of the Tamar, and to make this a neutral land, a Laodicea, where peaceful folk might keep their convictions to themselves, while other people elsewhere fought the one cause or the other to a finish. Several English counties did the like, and most successfully bade Royalists and Roundheads go somewhere else and settle their differences; but Cornwall was not so fortunate.

The indictment at quarter-sessions at Launceston had curious and unlooked-for results. The bold Sir Ralph, not in the least afraid of legal process, appeared in person at Launceston, and there, producing his commission from the King, declared he was sent to assist the people of Cornwall "in the defence of their liberties against all illegal taxes and impositions." After which a jury not only acquitted Hopton and his officers and men, but added that "it was a great favour and justice of His Majesty to send down aid to them who were already marked out for destruction; and they thought it the duty of every good subject, as well in loyalty to the

King as in gratitude to those gentlemen, to join with them at any hazard of life and fortune."

In their turn, the magistrates forthwith drew up an indictment against the Parliamentary leaders, and bade the High Sheriff call out the "posse comitatus."

And thus, as a strictly logical and legally constituted body, the Cornish army was formed, to fight against the King's enemies in Cornwall, and this was further added to by a large number of recruits, whose loyalty went beyond such territorial limits and sent them joyously following their leaders into England when the time arrived.

It was not until the beginning of January 1643 that the Parliamentary forces began to move out of Devonshire, to deal with the situation that had arisen across the Tamar; but they had by that time accumulated a considerable and well-equipped force, calculated to crush the Cornish out of hand. They came across the Tamar at New Bridge, a bridge that was old even then; Ruthven, the governor of Plymouth, in advance, and the Earl of Stamford two days in the rear. The first encounter was the battle of Braddoc Down, near Bodmin, on January 19th, on the windy heights where, amid the grassy sepulchres of the prehistoric dead men in some unknown ancient fight, Hopton's men, with Sir Bevil in the thick of the fray, smote them to the ground, and captured 1,250 prisoners and nearly all the equipment of the enemy.

To his wife, "The Lady Grace Grenville, at Stowe," Sir Bevil wrote:

"My Dear Love,—

"It hath pleased God to give us a happy victory on this present Thursday, being the 19th of January, for which pray join me in giving God thanks. I had the van and so, after solemn prayers at the head of every division, I led my part away, who followed me with so great courage, both down the one hill and up the other, that it struck a terror into them, while the seconds came up gallantly after me, and the wings of horse charged on both sides. But their courage so failed as they stood not the first charge of foot, but fled in great disorder, and we chased them divers miles.

"So I rest, yours ever,

"Bevill Grenvile."

The covering of the letter was inscribed, "The messenger is paid, yet give him a shilling more."

Into and out of Liskeard the victorious Cornish drove the enemy, and Ruthven fled on until he reached the banks of the Tamar again at Saltash, where he fortified himself on the hill-top, confident that there he could make a stand: but in another three days Hopton had come up and driven him down through the steep streets of Saltash, to the waterside, where many in the headlong flight were drowned. All the warlike

stores that had not been captured before were taken now, and the remainder of Ruthven's army had hurried into Plymouth.

The spring came on amidst ineffectual skirmishes, for Plymouth lay menacingly in the path of any advance in force. Sometimes flying troops of Cornish horse penetrated to Dartmoor, but these were only the futile exploits of adventurous spirits, and in one of them Sidney Godolphin was slain, in the porch of the "Three Crowns" inn, at Chagford.

At last Parliament prepared to deal the Cornish a decisive blow. The Earl of Stamford had gathered an army of seven thousand men, horse, foot, and artillery, and in May 1643 he invaded Cornwall, sent on a containing force of 1,200 horse to keep the Royalists of Bodmin from advancing, and posted himself, with his main body, on what was then called Stratton Hill, overlooking the little town of that name: the "Stamford Hill" of to-day. The Earl of Stamford deserved to win the day, for his generalship was perfect; but the fight that ensued proved to be a soldiers', rather than a commander's, battle. The Royalists had the disadvantage of attacking a position that had been selected with every care, and was held strongly and equipped with cannon. They marched out of Launceston on the 15th, full of fight, and confident, after the earlier successes, that they could thoroughly beat any force the Parliament could array against them. But they

had much to contend against: a twenty miles march and a poor commissariat department that brought officers and men hungry at night to the foot of the enemy's position. They were 2,400 against 5,800. To storm that hill, with an enemy well-found in every way, and fresh for fighting, might well seem a forlorn hope; but from five in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon they charged again and again up the unsheltered slopes, gaining no advantage, yet resolute for further efforts. And then at last the day seemed indeed lost, for their ammunition was almost gone. At that time, if Stamford's men had come from their breastworks on the hilltop and charged down the hillside, they might, even if only by sheer weight and impetus, have overwhelmed the Cornish, whom they outnumbered by more than two to one. But that is exactly where prestige comes in. The rout of Braddoc Down had taught the Earl of Stamford and his officers and rank-and-file to beware of meeting the Cornish in the open; and they lay sheltered behind their emplacements, from which thirteen brass guns and one mortar had all day been volleying.

Hopton, commanding on that day, now saw that to expend the last of their ammunition, firing up the hill at foes scarcely showing from behind their earthworks, would be fatal; and it was then decided to make a simultaneous attack from all sides, in four columns, the soldiers to hold their fire until on the hill-top. Every

soldier who has seen active service knows what a strain that is: to be shot at and make no reply until an advance is completed. It takes the coolest nerves, the utmost self-control, and generally a very considerable deal of military training to do so much. But it was done perfectly on this day, and those who held the fort up yonder were so astonished at tactics they had never before known that, when the Cornish were among them, they failed to respond to the occasion, and were driven out, in spite of a charge led by Chudleigh, a general to whom the Parliament owed much in the West. Chudleigh himself was made prisoner by Sir Bevil's men, who, with their chief, were foremost in the advance: the guns were put out of action in the confusion of friends and foes, and soon the enemy were in full flight, their own cannon, left behind, now thundering after them. They left Cornwall in haste, and following upon their heels went the containing force from Bodmin. Three hundred of the enemy lay dead, and 1,700 were taken prisoners.

Pastures to-day cover the surface of the hill, but the formidable earthworks thrown up on its crest by Stamford's men are still remarkable, forming a lunette on the north and west sides, where the approach is easiest. Storm-stricken pine-trees grow upon the banks, and in the archway of the remains of a monument built to commemorate the battle rests a dismantled cannon. A makeshift, apparently a discarded pinnacle from Stratton church, does duty on the

archway, in place of the original monument, destroyed long ago by a farmer, who objected to sightseers walking to it across his fields. But if he thought by such means to obscure the site of the battle, he was much mistaken, for the spot is one of the first places to which visitors to Bude inevitably come. The original inscription on the monument, now in a wall of the "Tree"

STAMFORD HILL MONUMENT

inn, Stratton, somewhat obscures history, stating as it does that in "this place" the battle was fought; leading strangers to suppose that the fight took place in the streets of the town.

If this were all there remained to say of Sir Bevil it had been well; but, flushed with their success, the Cornish army marched away up-country, and when July was come, had reached that exceeding great height above Bath, Lansdown. There was fought the battle of Lansdown, another victory, but one dearly purchased, for

there Sir Bevil was slain, knocked off his horse by a pole-axe, in the thick of the fight. In the battle was his son, John, a boy of sixteen, and him Sir Bevil's giant retainer, Anthony Payne, who was seven feet four inches in height, and broad in proportion, set upon his father's horse. Following him, the Cornish carried the hilltop and gained the day. In one of Hawker's books, "Footprints of Former Men in Cornwall," there appears a letter purporting to have been written by Anthony Payne to Lady Grace Grenville, after the battle of Lansdown, but it is almost certainly a forgery by Hawker himself, for the original has never been seen by any one. At any rate, here it is:

HONOURED MADAM,——

Ill news flieth apace: the heavy tidings no doubt hath already travelled to Stowe, that we have lost our blessed master by the enemies' advantage. You must not, dear Lady, grieve too much for your noble spouse. You know, as we all believe, that his soul was in heaven before his bones were cold. He fell, as he did often tell us he wished to die, for the good Stuart cause, for his country, and his king. He delivered to me his last commands, and with such tender words for you and for his children as are not to be set down with my poor pen, but must come to your ears upon my best heart's breath. Master John, when I mounted him on his father's horse, rode him into the war like a young prince,

as he is, and our men followed him with their swords drawn and with tears in their eyes. They did say they would kill a rebel for every hair of Sir Beville's beard. But I bade them remember their good master's word when he wiped his sword after Stamford fight; how he said, when their cry was 'stab and slay,' 'halt, men, God will avenge.' I am coming down with the mournfullest burden that ever a poor servant did bear, to bring the great heart that is cold to Kilkhampton vault. Oh, my lady, how shall I ever brook your weeping face? But I will be trothful to the living and to the dead. These, honoured madam, from thy saddest, truest servant,

"ANTHONY PAYNE."

Putting aside the probability that Anthony Payne could not write at all, and certainly not in the literary English of this letter, we may detect a wrong note in the phrase "Stamford Hill," the battle on Stratton Hill not having so early acquired the name of the defeated Parliamentary general. And it was yet too early for a "Stuart cause" to have existed. That came only later, after the final defeats of the Royalists and the establishment of the Commonwealth, when the Stuarts were in exile.

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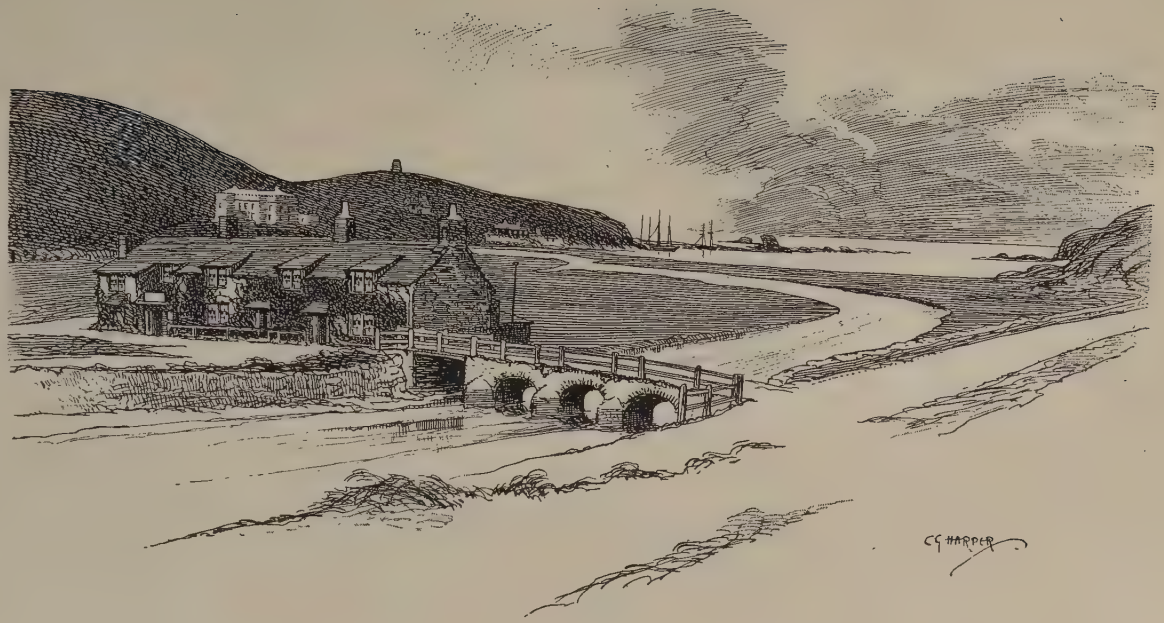
CHAPTER IV

BUDE — POUGHILL — MARHAMCHURCH — WIDEMOUTH BAY — MILLHOOK — CRACKINGTON HAVEN

And so we come to Bude. No one knows the origin of the place-name, and although St. Budoc, who has given his name to several places, including Budock and St. Budeaux, has been suggested, it is merely a guess.

I grieve to find that there are many who do not like Bude. There are things I do not like at Bude: the golf-links, for example, where golfers have jumped the sandhills. Also there are certain villas and shops that are not likeable, but so much may be said of a deplorably large number of places. A terminal station of the London and South-Western Railway stands at some distance from the shore, but I have not the least idea by what route you do eventually arrive at it, for I have never entered or left Bude otherwise than afoot or on a bicycle; and when one by such means just comes to it in one of the opaque white sea-mists that in summer do occasionally shut down upon earth and sea and sky, throwing a cold and wet mantle



BUDE.

over everything, and here and there lifting a little, so that odd, disconnected bits of scenery float like islands in the fog, a strange and startling place Bude does indeed appear to be, and its situation is not readily understood.

Bude stands a little distance off the seashore, on the banks of a little stream and the Bude and Holsworthy Canal, which run side by side, and a little lower down fall into the inlet called Bude Haven.

Trees are scarce, and they have bowed so long and consistently before the furious winds that they have stiffened into that attitude; so that an observer looking out upon them from within doors might even imagine from their pose a gale still blowing. They have grown so, and so they will remain, like human beings brought up in habits of subjection, until their nature is warped irredeemably.

Bude will some day be a town, for, although its "haven" is one of the most difficult and dangerous that ever poor mariner put into, and as difficult to get out of as it is to get in, and therefore the port is never likely to grow, the natural advantages of the place as a holiday resort are at once evident to any one who sets foot there. It cannot ever become a seaside resort of the conventional kind, there is some comfort in thinking, for the little sand-choked haven is bordered by low cliffs that render such vanities as parades and sea-walls alike undesirable and impossible. Some fifty years or more ago,

when Sir Thomas Acland, the local landowner, first thought of developing Bude, it was merely a hamlet in the parish of Stratton. But its air and the surrounding scenery were even then capable of supporting the "Falcon" hotel, it appears, for it was in 1848 that Tennyson, roaming the north coast of Cornwall in search of local colour for his "Idylls of the King," stayed there, and fell off the terrace in front, at that time unguarded by a railing, and nearly broke his leg. The few old-fashioned cottages of the Regency period also tell us that, even in the early years of the nineteenth century, a select few found Bude a desirable place. The colour, for one thing, observable here on a bright summer's day is wonderful: the black and grey of the rocks and cliffs, and the subdued green of the scant vegetation, is thrown into the background by the light yellow of the sands, composed almost wholly of broken sea-shells, by the foam of the always turbulent waves, and by the extraordinarily pure and brilliant greens and blues of the sea. A natural pier or breakwater is formed on the south side of the haven by a long jutting reef of rocks running straight out to sea. Here is safe bathing, afforded by a large cutting made in the rocks, known as "Sir Thomas's Pit." Efford Lodge, an ideal "cottage by the sea," stands at the landward end of this long rocky arm, sheltered beside a craggy knoll, and screened by outcrops of rock crested with tamarisk, overlooking the haven at the point where it may be forded at low

water, hence "Efford," a contraction of "ebb-ford."

There is now little use for Bude as a port, for the railway has taken away the need of bringing in coals in this fashion; and in any case the world nowadays moves too rapidly for it to be often commercially possible to use a haven, in which a vessel may be perhaps imprisoned by various circumstances of weather and tide for weeks, without the least chance of getting out. Still, one perceives the *Clara Mary* and the *Jessie*, vessels of from 80 to 100 tons, risking much, discharging coal, "cullum"—which is the provincial way of pronouncing "culin"—and suchlike cargoes here.

"I am going to Bude," wrote Tennyson; "they say the waves are larger there than anywhere else." They are.

Among the fifty wrecks of the last half century here was that of the *Bencoolen*, from Liverpool for Bombay, with machinery and telegraph-wire, October 21st, 1862. Sixteen were lost of a crew of thirty-six. The vessel went ashore below Efford, and the lifeboat, brought down to the sands, could not be launched, partly because of the fury of the waves, driven to enormous heights by a hurricane that had lasted seven days and nights, and partly because the skilled sailors of Bude were nearly all away at the time, in seventeen of the nineteen small vessels that then belonged to the place. There was not a crew present, and for the unskilled to have gone out would have been for the lifeboat and all in it

to have been lost, in addition to the ill-fated crew of the *Bencoolen*.

The golfers are rampant at the back of Bude on the sandhills, where the local club exhibits the impudent notice: "Dangerous; no right of way across the links," which is, of course, to put it mildly, not the truth. There has been, from time immemorial, an unquestioned right of way. That way lies the pretty inland village of Poughill, anciently written "Pogeswelle," *i.e.* "Puck's Well." We find several places in this country named after that impish sprite, Puck; among them Pokesdown, near Bournemouth, and Poxwell, near Weymouth.

Until quite recent years Poughill was locally "Puffle," but any stranger in the neighbourhood of Bude, cognisant of the fact, and asking the way to it in that old pronunciation will almost certainly be met with "Oh, you mean Poughill," adopting the literary, rather than the rustic method. One feels reproved, for it is like being convicted of a misdemeanour; that of the false pretence of being a native. Alternatively, one is made to feel that it is a confession of ignorance. Which is worse I will leave the reader to judge.

There is a fine and interesting church at Poughill. It is Perpendicular, of course, for that style is almost the only one throughout Cornwall; but it is rich in fifteenth-century bench-ends, and has two remarkable frescoes in colour, representing a gigantic St. Christopher carrying the infant Saviour across a stream,

with fishes in the waves and a mermaid with her looking-glass, while a hermit displays a lantern from the bank, to guide the saint. An inscription over the south door narrates that the clock in the tower was given in memory of Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, by his daughter, in 1889, and proceeds to say that he was of the Castle, Bude; of London, and of Westminster, and that he died at Reeds, Poughill, February 18th, 1875, aged 82. "His Inventions and Discoveries," the inscription goes on to say, "in Steam and Electricity made Communication by Land and by Sea so Rapid that it became necessary for all England to keep Uniform Clock-time."

But this inscription does not do the fullest justice to Gurney. He was originally a medical practitioner at Wadebridge, but left the profession for science and engineering, and was one of the original inventors of the motor-car, about 1827. Only that half-pedantic, half-American name for what are perhaps even more pedantically named "automobiles" was not then thought of, and Gurney simply called his invention a "steam carriage." He contrived to run at a speed of fifteen miles an hour on the Bath road in 1829, and had actually entered into extensive contracts for public services, when discriminating rates introduced against them by turnpike trustees killed the new method of locomotion. Gurney was ruined, and he derived little benefit from his other inventions, including the steam-jet (wrongly claimed for Stephenson), the flash-light

for lighthouses, heating of houses by hot-water pipes, and many more. In 1863 he was rewarded with the barren honour of a knighthood.

The road out of Bude for Tintagel goes easily for ten miles, to Wainhouse Corner, where two miles and a half of bye-road lead on the right, mostly downhill, to Crackington Haven. It is an excellent road, but it leaves the sea entirely out of sight. At the same time, however, it gives ready access to a number of more or less interesting little inland villages, among them Marhamchurch, which obtains its name from the church being dedicated to St. Merewenna.

Marhamchurch village stands on high ground, to the left of the road. It is a place of one very broad, empty street, with the church facing down it, at the north end. It is a pleasant, but not remarkable old church, with a Jacobean pulpit and an old-world, unrestored waggon-roof that it is a pleasure to look upon. The floor has been repaved with slate squares, cut into a reeded pattern very often seen in this neighbourhood. Several churches are paved with it. The only living things I saw in all Marhamchurch this summer afternoon were a dog rolling delightedly in the dust, a cat asleep on a sunny wall, and a starling that whistled on a tree.

To trace the coastline from Bude, the way lies over the humble little "Nanny Moore's Bridge"—crossing the canal, and then past the church and up over the down to Efford Beacon. The cliffs at Compass Point, recognised by the

octagonal tower on its crest, are wasting away, and the view from the still higher vantage-point of Efford Beacon, ranging over Widemouth Bay, discloses a gradual dip of the land to the sea and groups of half-sunken reefs scattered off the sands: remains of the softer strata that run for some ten miles along the shore, until the dark slate rocks are again met with at Pentargan Bay. The reefs seen at low water in Widemouth Bay, and the solitary stack of rock starting up from the sands, half-way across, known as Black Rock, are just the remaining bases on which the softer strata stood.

Widemouth Bay—"Widmouth," as the fashion locally is to call it—is believed to have a future. Looking down upon it, and walking, either by the sands or by road across its empty three miles, that future, which is, of course, something in the seaside town way, appears to be far beyond the vision of any person now living, and the expected Eastbourne—for it is nothing less that sanguine persons have predicted for Widemouth Bay—is likely to remain a great idea, a dream city, rather than a real place. That some sanguine persons have had the courage to back the idea with money is sufficiently evident, for a broad road has been driven across, and a few melancholy houses built, which have an air of surprise at finding themselves set down in such a lonely situation. But the road is already derelict. Winter's waves taking more recent mouthfuls from the earthy cliffs, have even made away

with some of the "eligible sites," and great lumps of the road have gone too. And, to put the seal of failure finally upon it, the road is now closed with heavy locked gates bearing the notice: "This road, particularly that part of it between Salthouse and Widemouth Villa, having been undermined in places by the sea, is dangerous to traffic. Pedestrians are cautioned to keep to the end of the road on the sea side."

Some other authority has made a newer road parallel with the wrecked one, a little distance further inland: a road upon which the wise man looks but does not travel, for where it is not deep in shingle, it is furrowed fathom deep, and where there are neither furrows nor shingle, there are boulders. Also, in due season, there is mud; and in some places you get all these disabilities to travelling at once.

Passing Black Rock, where, according to Hawker, "Featherstone the Wrecker" is doomed for ever to the futile task of weaving ropes from the sand, Wanston Mouth is reached, and with it the end of the Widemouth Bay stickit developments. A little stream comes cutting deeply through the ochreous earth of a valley, and has excavated a sinuous and precipitous gully giving upon a pebbly beach. It is, as it were, a natural model of Boscastle Harbour, on a very small scale; so small that its every detail can be seen at a glance, and so close a resemblance that the likeness to its original is at once perceived. It is an object-lesson in the immemorial ways of

nature in forming the larger features of this coast.

A new and commonplace villa overlooks Wanston Mouth, but in the hinterland, through a farmyard and the distance of a mile and a half along narrow lanes, there lies the secluded village of Poundstock, hidden in a combe and sheltered by elms. Strictly speaking, there is no village: only the church, the small schools, the vicarage, and a farm or two. In spite of restoration it is an interesting little church; but the photographs displayed on the door, showing the old state, before everything was brought back to a presumed original condition, are sufficient to show that, however painful to the clergy the appearance of Poundstock church may have been, it was really part of the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and ought not to have been altered. It would appear, from the evidence of the old photographs, that in those centuries, when portions of the church became decayed, local workmen were called in to effect repairs. They were, naturally, quite ignorant of Gothic, or of any kind of church architecture, and they did not pretend to anything of the kind; so built and repaired exactly as they would have done to a house or a cottage. The result was one of the most whimsical "secularisings" of churches it is possible to conceive; delightfully naïve and truly picturesque. But all those works have been ruthlessly swept away, and great pride is taken in the doing so.

There are curious—but mostly faded and dilapidated—frescoes at Poundstock, including an odd representation of the seven deadly sins. These are shown as a flourishing, seven-branched tree, with Pride as the topmost branch.

JOHN TREBARFOOT.

A slate slab against the west wall of the church is engraved with a quaint little effigy, kneeling at a desk, represented with an utter disregard of perspective. Beneath is an epitaph on John Trebarfoot, with heraldic shield bearing the punning arms of three bears' feet :—

Aetatis suæ 24 año dni 1629
Soe soonest are the best flowers cropt, yet hee
Sawe soe much virtue as old age would see,
But too fewe yeares, God wott, and was approvd
Aged in good, soe loving, and belovd
That of Trebarfoote may be truly said
The love of mankinde here lyes buried

Returning to the shore, and mounting steeply up the path past the commonplace villa with its petty domestic details of ash-bin, dirty plates, and bathing-dresses drying on a wall, a lofty, rugged common occupies the summit of the down, giving place to a winding, steep, and stony lane, at whose feet is the little bay of

Millhook. Hawker and some others style it "Melhuach," but it is Millhook—or, as we mouth it in the West, "Millhuke," or, further, with the "h" slurred, "Millook," and "Millok"; and at the bottom, to prove it, a few yards from the shore is the mill, with its big mill-wheel and a stream to turn it; and the projecting cliffs on either side of the mouth form the "hook," or the hooks. The little stream, like many another hereabouts, carves a deep cleft in the earth, and thus finds its way to the sea; and the sea flings up great stones into the cleft, and endeavours to push the stream back into the valley; and the contention goes on and on, and neither side gains any appreciable advantage, while man changes visibly and presently goes to his long home.

There are a hut or two and a lodging-house or two, even in a place so remote as Millhook Haven. And people who really know how to make holiday come in two or three little parties and lie about in the sun, or bathe, or fish, or go boating, barelegged, in the oldest of old clothes, and not unfrequently in the scantiest of bathing-dresses.

"And when you are tired of that, what else?" I asked.

"Nothing else, except, perhaps, we go hunting Plymouth Blues."

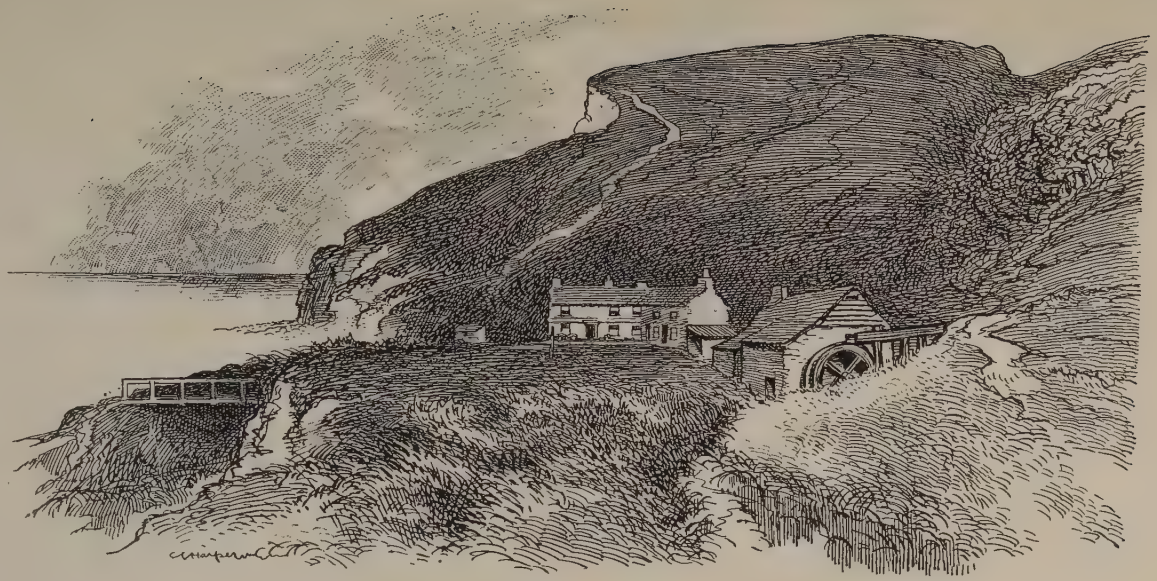
A "Plymouth Blue," it presently appeared, was a rare species of butterfly that especially affects Millhook. I had been confusing them

with "Plymouth Rocks," which are pigeons, but fortunately was shown one before I had exposed my ignorance.

Out of Millhook the way lies steeply up, and thence along the comb of the ridge to Dizard Point. For two miles the grassy fields slide gradually towards the sea, and end in no very dramatic fashion; but then the cliffs begin to rise again and, with Castle Point showing boldly. St. Gennys is marked on the map, apparently an easy distance, but there is a more or less great gulf set between it and a farmhouse marked "Cleave" on the map. The traveller who carries maps and not only studies them, but contemplates the meaning of names, will understand something of what he may expect in a place called "Cleave." He will deduce a cleft or at the least of it, a deep valley to be crossed; and, sure enough, here is a deep-wooded valley, and the inevitable stream, and then the equally inevitable steep rise. St. Gennys village stands on the summit of a lofty down that runs seawards and ends in the great cliffs of Penkenner Point, which form the eastern side of Crackington Haven.

"What do you call it, Gennys, or Jennys?" I asked a villager. "Sometimes one, sometimes t'other," said he. "It's just as you please." But it is really the first of the two in local speech.

St. Gennys, or Genesius, was one of those "saints" who are unconsciously represented in legend a great deal too clever. He was, with



MILLHOOK.

his brothers, beheaded, but he bowed to the executioner, picked up his head, and walked away.

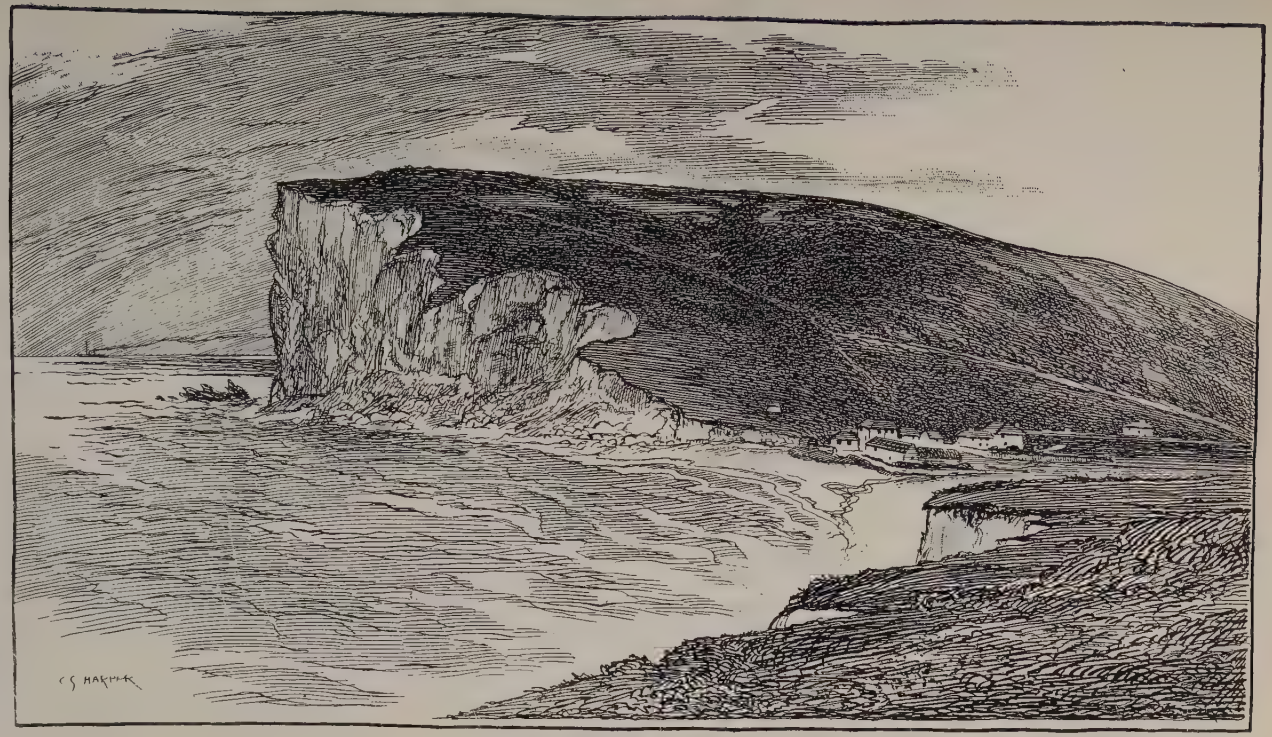
The church was being restored when I came to it, but the building is so poor that no one need grudge any alterations. Tablets to a family of Braddons of Treworgy, in the tower, and a slab in the chancel to one William Braddon, are of only a minor interest; although William certainly appears to have been a rumbustious person. His epitaph, couched in the first person, tells us that he had doubled the parts of officer in the Parliamentary army, and minister of religion:

> In war and peace I bore command,
> Both gown and sword I wore.

Crackington Haven is a really noble place. There is that spaciousness in the downs looking into the long green valley which is the fellow in nature to broad handling in art. Let the illustration here of the haven serve to show exactly what is meant. There you see the long, majestic sweep of the hillside, going forward to the verge of the cliffs, with no distracting little details to belittle it. St. Gennys lies away on the other side of that even skyline: fortunately, for anything that should intervene to break it, were it merely the smallest of houses, would destroy the effect. Let there be, in reason, what houses you will below: the hillside, gorgeous in its livery of subdued green, and the gold and purple of gorse and heather, will only glorify

them; but Crackington Haven will be irretrievably ruined whenever the hills that enclose it are touched by the builder.

Who gave this bay, which does not really form a haven or safe anchorage for vessels, its name, or what the name means, I do not know, and it is properly, or was originally, Tremoutha. The usual little settlement has been established along the road to the shore, and immediately facing the beach; but it is a thought superior to some we shall see, further west.



CRACKINGTON HAVEN.

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CHAPTER V

PENTARGAN BAY, AND THE "CLIFF WITHOUT A NAME"—"A PAIR OF BLUE EYES"—BOSCASTLE — MINSTER — FORRABURY AND ITS "SILENT TOWER"—WILLAPARK AND BLACKAPIT—CAMELFORD

He who goes otherwise than afoot from Crackington to Boscastle misses much, for the road leads inland, out of sight of the sea, up across Resparvel Down, and runs between the monotonous high hedges that are a feature of nearly all the roads in North Cornwall. Cambeak, the headland enclosing Crackington Haven on the west, looms darkly ahead, and seems to forbid progress. Its name means "crooked nose." Little is gained by proceeding to the extremity of that ness, except a very tiring addition of nearly two miles to the coast walk. A rugged track, like a farm occupation road, leading out of the western side of Crackington Haven, and over the shoulder of the down, leads direct, in something like two miles, to the range of mouldering precipices called "High Cliff," over seven hundred feet. They line a shallow bay, and are of mingled buff and purplish blue in colour; blue-clay running through

them in streaks. A little unnamed bay succeeds this. Off-shore are two jagged rocks, called the "Beeny Sisters," and a little inland lies the hamlet of Lower Beeny, just a "farm-place" or two, whence a rough road leads to Pentargan Bay, a romantic inlet, where savage-looking black cliffs descend to a beach strewn with wave-worn flat stones, heaped up in ridges by furious winter seas. "Pentargan" is said to mean "Arthur's Head." A cave gapes blackly on the east, and a rivulet splashes down from the considerable height of the cliff-top; losing itself amid the stones. Very rarely will the explorer find his solitude shared here. Pentargan Bay shares with Willapark, the great black precipice on the western side of Boscastle, and with High Cliff, the honour of the almost tragical "Cliff without a Name" which figures in Mr. Thomas Hardy's novel, "A Pair of Blue Eyes." On mature consideration, I believe the cliffs of Pentargan Bay to be the nearest approach to the description given in those pages, for although the altitude of High Cliff is much greater, and although Willapark is both higher and more savage, Pentargan Bay is the only one of the three possessing a cascade, described thus: "The small stream here found its death. Running over the precipice, it was dispersed in spray before it was half-way down, and falling like rain upon projecting ledges, made minute grassy meadows of them. At the bottom the water-drops soaked away amid the débris of the cliff. This was the inglorious

end of the river." The stream is described as running from Endelstow, which must be St. Juliot, although the name resembles that of Endellion, nearly twelve miles further west. Boscastle figures in the story as "Castle Boterel."

The incidents of that sad and beautiful story lend an especial interest to the cliffs of Pentargan Bay. Elfride Swancourt, the owner of that pair of blue eyes, walks with her lover, Henry Knight, to the spot, described in the book as a "terrible natural façade." The author continues: "The sea, rolling direct from the shores of North America, has, in fact, eaten a chasm into the middle of a hill, and the giant, embayed and unobtrusive, stands in the rear of pigmy supporters. Not least singularly, neither hill, chasm, nor precipice has a name, or the merest tradition of a name. On this account I will call the precipice the Cliff without a Name.

"What gave an added terror to its height was its blackness. And upon this dark face the beating of ten thousand west winds had formed a kind of bloom, which had a visual effect not unlike that of a Hambro' grape. Moreover, it seemed to float off into the atmosphere, and inspire terror through the lungs."

The priggish Knight—how we hate him!—demonstrating, after his dominie manner, with a stone, the action of atmospheric currents against cliff-faces, loses his hat in one of the backward eddies, and in regaining it slips on the verge of the precipice. There he hangs almost in air;

in his agonised minutes of suspense confronted in ghastly fashion by a fossil in the projecting rock.

"It was a creature with eyes. The eyes, dead and turned to stone, were even now regarding him. It was one of the early crustaceans called Trilobites. Separated by millions of years in their lives, Knight and this underling seemed to have met in their death. It was the single instance within reach of his vision of anything that had ever been alive and had had a body to save, as he himself had now.

"The creature represented but a low type of animal existence, for never in their vernal years had the plains indicated by those numberless slaty layers been traversed by an intelligence worthy of the name. Zoöphytes, mollusca, shellfish, were the highest developments of those ancient dates. The immense lapses of time each formation represented had known nothing of the dignity of man. They were grand times, but they were mean times too, and mean were their relics. He was to be with the small in his death."

We who read how Elfride rescued him from this imminent peril by the expedient of stripping herself on the cliff-top and tearing off her underclothing and forming a rope of it, wherewith to drag him back to safety, ardently wish she had been less resourceful, and had let him drop.

From these tense heights we may conveniently descend by the road into Boscastle, lengthily and steeply; which almost goes without saying in

these parts, where the way, when not steeply down, is almost always steeply up.

There is nothing now left of the ancient castle of the knightly family of De Bottreux, whose name originated the place-name of Boscastle; but the battlemented round tower of the Wellington Hotel gives the stranger a momentary thrill, for it looks at first sight feudal. About

BOSCASTLE.

four hundred years ago, when the antiquary, Leland, came to Boscastle, he described it as "a very filthy Town and il kept." He then proceeded to tell of the little brook running down from the immense heights at the back "into the Severn Se betwixt 2 Hylles to a pore Havenet, of no certaine Salvegarde." The little brook is the Valency, issuant from a lovely wooded and ferny valley, and it still goes tumbling and splashing down to the little haven; there meeting the

sea, which comes roaring in through a constricted and intricate passage, shaped like a double S, and hemmed in on either side by the shoulders of mighty headlands. You will perceive that Leland says nothing about the picturesqueness or beauty of Boscastle. He could not, indeed, for in his era such qualities were unknown. No one, when Leland wrote, travelled for the purpose of admiring scenery. Tourists were not yet thought of, and scenery was not recognised when seen, except as difficult country, offering obstacles to those who were, unfortunately, obliged to travel. Leland himself was a wide traveller, but we may search in vain through the pages of his itineraries for admiration of the beautiful in rugged nature. He was our first antiquary, and travelled solely to see antiquities and to note such things as heraldic cognizances and family pedigrees. That he should have even done so much as that in those times is sufficiently remarkable.

Boscastle, from a tourist's point of view, appears to be a place that may conveniently be visited from such a centre as Tintagel, three and a-half miles away to the west, where there is plenty of hotel and boarding-house accommodation, and whence public excursion vehicles set out plentifully every day. For my own part, Boscastle suffices me better than Tintagel, and I can be happy there, so long as the commissariat needs of the Wellington Hotel (which make great demands upon butter, clotted cream, and eggs), do not absolutely starve me out. The alternative

BOSCASTLE. *After J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*

is to abandon one's cottage lodgings, and in self-defence repair to the "Wellington" itself.

There is a great deal more of Boscastle than the pedestrian, who walks into the place from the direction of Bude, would at first suppose. The village, as it discloses itself to his wondering gaze, is just the group of cottages by the hotel, and a scattering of village shops and sheds where photographs and like articles are for sale. Between them runs that stream of the musical name, the Valency, to the haven half-a-mile down the valley. This he conceives to be the whole of Boscastle, but there is very much more of it up the hill, back of beyond. Of that, however, he knows nothing until he has been down to the little harbour and returned, on his way either to Camelford or Tintagel.

Oh! that 'twere possible to say something of the doings of the De Bottreaux. But it is not. I am told that the site of their castle may be traced in a green mound; but I confess to not having traced it, largely because green mounds of no remarkable scale, unsanctified by knightly deeds, are plenteous. Even in Leland's time there was only a building "far onworthie the name of a Castel. The People ther caulle it the Courte." Many years before Leland wrote, the De Bottreaux had ended in an only daughter, who married a Lord Hungerford. By a succession of marriages the title of Baron Bottreaux at last became one of the minor titles of the fourth and last Marquis of Hastings, and when he died in 1868, the title

lapsed, being revived in 1871 in favour of the Countess of Loudoun. It is now one of the subsidiary titles of the Earl of Loudoun, and appears to be spelled with only one "t."

The harbour of Boscastle, which Leland considered to be of such questionable safety, is the most remarkable harbour in Cornwall—and that, in this country of strange havens, is saying much. As you walk down to it, along a rocky path beside the Valency, you come gradually to a place where the great hills rise gradually, steeper and more steep, enfolded one within the other, and where they grow near together, so that the approach to the harbour mouth becomes dim, and at certain seasons of the day long shadows from the lofty flanks of the hills are cast across the narrowed valley, and the Valency foams and ripples out in flashes of silver, in midst of a velvety blackness. When you have come to the sturdy little stone quays of the harbour, the rocky headlands tower loftily on either side, and the projecting profile of Pelly Point, on the right hand, which has been gradually assuming a weird resemblance to a human figure on a gigantic scale, is suddenly seen to be a remarkable likeness to the reclining matronly figure of Queen Victoria. It is so close a similarity, with, of course, that clinching feature of slight caricature which always emphasises a portrait, that the revelation of it is nothing less than startling.

The harbour of Boscastle has been likened to that of Balaclava, in miniature. The similarity

was discovered by Walter White, who wrote his "Walk to the Land's End" in 1854; and if the modern writer fails to draw attention to it he may be held to have fallen something short of his duty.

There is an Arabian Nights kind of weirdness

THE HARBOUR, BOSCASTLE.

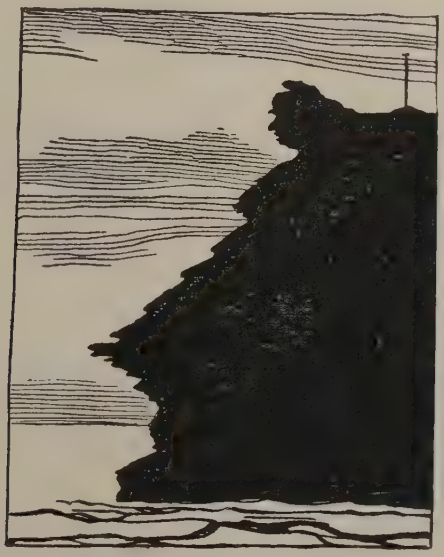
in the scenery of Boscastle harbour. I think, looking up at those jagged black headlands, and that impassive rock-figure brooding upon the scene, of the magnetic mountain in that collection of wonderful stories; the mountain which attracted passing ships to it, and, extracting the

rivets and nails that held them together, resolved those vessels into a mass of disjointed timbers.

The enormously thick hawsers that lie upon the quays tell a tale of the strenuous work often necessary to warp a vessel through the narrow passage; and the hollow rumblings of the waves in the honeycombed rocks, to the sound of a half-tide blowhole in them, that sucks in air and water with a noise as of some giant swilling gargantuan drinks, and expressing a gulping satisfaction, bespeak the force of the waves. It is a disgusting giant, for ever taking more than he can hold, and spewing it out again, with much noise and circumstance, until the next state of the tide drowns him altogether. A somewhat similar blowhole exists in the island-rock called Meachard, off the headland.

I have already hinted that there is apt to be a scarcity of food at Boscastle, where purveyors take care to serve the hotel first. But there is fish? Nay, not always, for fish is not a common article of food here. Catches are chiefly for strangers. The gulls are the only other creatures at Boscastle that eat fish; but then, say the Boscastle people, "Gulls will eat anything." And thus those visitors who propose fish for table find themselves reproved and in the cold shadow of contempt. To be classed with a gull in miscellaneous and unchoice appetite—it is not well! But if a visitor will eat fish, I doubt if he will have courage to sample a Cornish pasty. I have known Cornwall for many years,

and have explored most of what is explorable, but the interior of a Cornish pasty remains to me personally uninvestigated. It is quite sufficient to know that its interior, hidden within a pallid dough, is wonderfully varied ; pork and potatoes, onions and eggs, minced, forming its contents ;



QUEEN VICTORIA ROCK, BOSCASTLE.

sometimes, I am told, with additional features, including chopped conger, according to individual fancy.

Miss Braddon, who in her novel, "Mount Royal," written many years ago, sets many of her incidents on this coast, sends her Christabel and Mr. Hamleigh walking to Minster, up the valley from Boscastle, and truly describes how the

church "lies in the hollow of the hill, so shut in by the wooded ridge which shelters its grey walls, that the stranger comes upon it as an architectural surprise." It is a small building, partly of Early English date, dedicated to St. Materiana, and obtains its name of "Minster" from being the fragment of a former monastery church belonging to the alien Priory of St. Sergius at Angers. The squat tower, repaired after long decay, was wrecked in olden times, according to local legend, by a number of sailors, furious at a light said to have been shown from its belfry, by which mariners, mistaking it for a beacon, were lured to destruction on the rocks. It does not in the least signify in legendary lore that no light displayed in the tower of Minster church could possibly be observed out at sea.

Boscastle stands partly in the parish of Minster, and partly in that of Forrabury, whose church, with the famous "silent tower," stands not far from the cliffs' edge, high up above the harbour. There is little to attract in this church of St. Symphorian, Forrabury, and were it not for its legends—one of them a very common one, by the way—that the devil would not allow the builder of it to build in any more accessible situation, expecting that if they did, every one would attend public worship, few would pay any attention to it. The more famous story, however, is that which explains its "silent tower." I know it will be said that every one is perfectly familiar with

the legend of the missing bells of Forrabury and with Hawker's fine poem thereon, but for the sake of every one else who has not, they shall be told and quoted again. Hawker, some time after writing the ballad, explained, or confessed, that the legend of the peal of bells cast for the

COTTAGES AT BOSCASTLE.

church-tower, having been lost at sea owing to a Divine judgment upon the impious language of the captain of the ship that was bearing them to port, was originally, when heard by him, but a very slight suggestion of the story he told. The "Silent Tower of Bottreaux" he styled his poem. The pilot, steering the incoming vessel

towards the port, was thankful for the safe passage they had made :

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells ;
" Thank God ! " with reverent brow he cried,
" We make the shore with evening's tide ! "
" Come to thy God in time ! "
It was his marriage chime :
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell must ring at last.

" Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank, at sea, the steersman's hand,"
The captain's voice above the gale :
" Thank the good ship and ready sail."
" Come to thy God in time ! "
Sad grew the boding chime ;
" Come to thy God at last ! "
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Uprose that sea, as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal-word.
What thrills the captain's whitening lip ?
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
" Come to thy God in time ! "
Swung deep the funeral chime :
Grace, mercy, kindness past,
" Come to thy God at last ! "

Long did the rescued pilot tell—
When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep—
That fearful judgment of the deep.
" Come to thy God in time ! "
He read his native chime :
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell rung out at last.

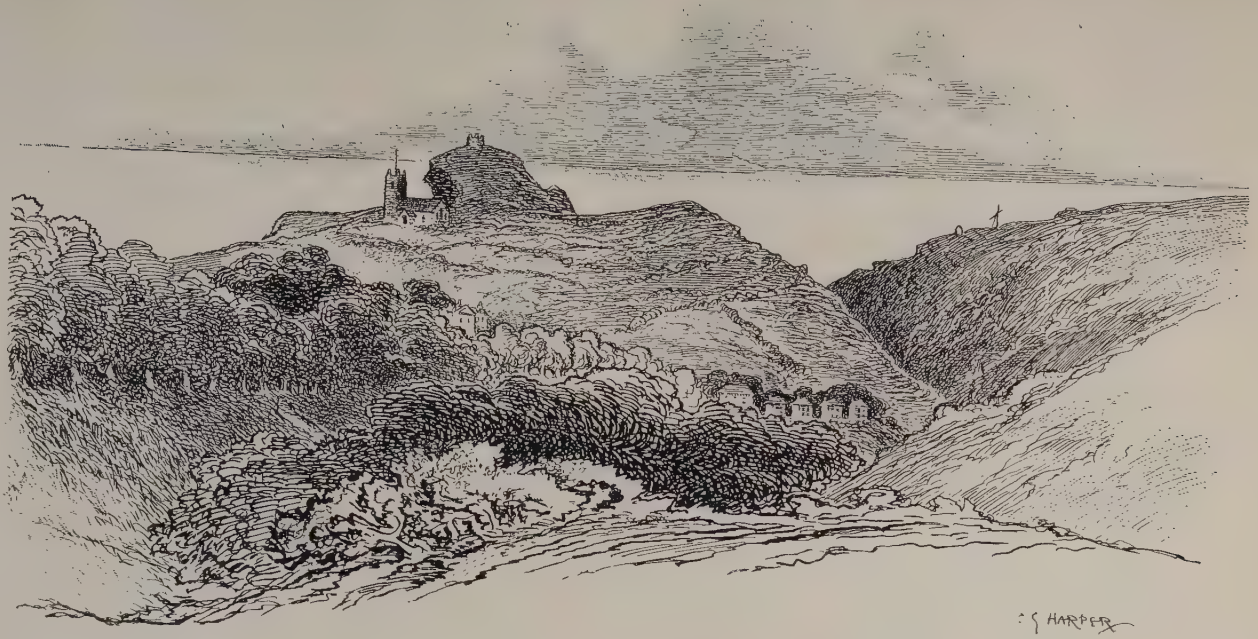
Still, when the storm of Bottreau's waves
Is wakening in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide.
" Come to thy God in time ! "
Thus saith the ocean chime :
Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
" Come to thy God at last ! "

There are those, and I count myself among them, who could wish that the tower really were silent. It has one bell, of an aggravatingly cacophonous, deleterious, and necessarily monotonous clang. A doleful ballad could be written about it, but I refrain.

Willapark, the lofty headland that rises on the western, or Forrabury, side of the harbour, is not in the least park-like. A wilder or more storm-persecuted place, when the winds arise, it would not be easy to imagine. It is well-named, for " Willapark " means the " look-out place," and it commands many leagues of troubled sea. The topmost spot has a little tower of its own ; a mark for those making the harbour.

Willapark in ordinary weather is scarcely dangerous, except to born fools ; but the ghastly chasm in the black cliffs immediately to westward of it, with a sheer drop of some hundreds of feet into the sea, that you can hear thudding in caves invisible, is a horrible place. A railing rightly guards this place, well called " Blackapit," for it is one of the best definitions of a pit that one's travels can produce, and the blackness of

the rocks is that of coal, with an additional sullen dullness all its own. The very curious fashion in which the sea has taken a great mouthful out of the cliffs at this point can perhaps be better noticed at a distance than near at hand. For example, if the road leading up out of Boscastle to Camelford be ascended—a long, long pull-up indeed it is, very steep and winding, but very beautiful, being for a considerable distance shaded by avenues of a long and luxuriant growth—and a glance backward be taken when at the summit, the greater part of the situation of Boscastle and Forrabury will be disclosed. You will see nothing of the harbour, nor of Boscastle village, for they are so closely and lovingly enfolded between the hills that they are entirely hidden from sight, deep down there, below the oddly formal row of four-square houses seen in the accompanying illustration. But you will see the avenue going down, and the sea, filling up the cleft made by the swooping down of the hills, and on the left-hand is the lofty look-out of Willapark, with its little beacon-tower, and on the left of that again, Forrabury church. Behind it, you will perceive how the extremity of that mighty headland, that would seem, ages ago, to have risen much higher seaward, has been eaten away, shorn off sheer. It is one of the most extraordinary views, this, down to Boscastle from the Camelford road, that could well be found, and it wears an appearance almost of unreality. Twelve years before the accompanying illustration of it was made, I drew



BOSCASTLE, FROM THE CAMELFORD ROAD.

a pencil sketch of the scene, and came during the interval to look upon it as an exaggeration, so impossible did it seem. But, comparing it again with the actual place, I found it absolutely truthful.

Camelford town, inland from Boscastle, is five miles distant. Strangers who do not come to Boscastle from Tintagel come alternatively from Camelford station, which is a good half-mile from Camelford town. All guide-books rightly agree that Camelford is uninteresting, in spite of its antiquity. Murray even styles it "dreary," and it certainly is commonplace. But there is one thing, at any rate, not commonplace about Camelford, and that is the fact of its parish church being nearly two miles away, at Lanteglos. It is perhaps worth while to see a town with such a distinction.

Since the happy, happy days of the old "rotten boroughs," when Camelford sent two members to Parliament, and Bossiney by Tintagel two others, times have been out of joint. The Reform Bill eventually, woe the day, the Reform *Act*, of 1832 abolished the representation, and votes no longer command guineas, nor have Camelford and Bossiney electors, these eighty years and more, experienced the intimate joys they once knew, when honourable members would come down and do the honourable and gentlemanly and convivial thing, namely, invite their constituents to feasts at which all would get gloriously drunk together.

There has been so much reform of one kind and another since 1832 that it has become something of a vice. The wrong things are reformed, the things that don't matter, and yet whose disappearance leaves the world a little more grey. Reform the essential things: reform away private ownership in minerals, decimate the parasites called "officials," the real tax-eaters, for whom each new government, no matter the party, creates new and fat posts: but leave us still something as picturesque and laughable as the old "rotten boroughs." Camelford was not so rotten as some; not so bad as, for example, Old Sarum, which possessed no inhabited house, and yet enjoyed Parliamentary representation. Camelford always had a select few electors, and they did pretty well out of the rival candidates' necessities.

Camelford, it should be said, is one of the places claiming to be the "Camelot" of the Arthurian story, and Slaughter Bridge, one mile distant, is said to be the site of that last battle in which Arthur received his death-wound, but Malory, in his "Morte d'Arthur," distinctly says "Camelot" is Winchester, a place certainly more nearly corresponding to the Tennysonian description of a "dim, rich city" than this. Cadbury Camp, overlooking the Severn Sea, near Portishead, is one of the supposed Camelots, but if one may have a personal preference for the site of that perhaps mythical, and certainly elusive, spot, I should place it twelve miles

south-east of Glastonbury, near North and South Cadbury, and overlooking the Camel river of those parts, where Queen's Camel and other similarly named villages lie. These would not, of course, fit in with many other Arthurian localities, but no one place does that. Glaston-

CAMELFORD.

bury, however, the traditional "Vale of Avalon," whither Arthur voyaged to heal him of his wounds, and where he is said to have been buried, fits in exceedingly well with this tentative Somerset Camelot.

Camelford derives its name from the river Camel or Camlan, the "Camallan," or "Camhayle"="crooked river," and has, therefore,

nothing to do with camels or dromedaries; but this has not prevented the town from adopting the camel for coat-of-arms, and the weather-vane of the market-house may accordingly be seen in the likeness of one of those ungainly animals.

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CHAPTER VI

THE ROCKY VALLEY—ST. NIGHTON'S KIEVE—BOSSINEY—TREVENA, OR TINTAGEL—KING ARTHUR—THE OLD POST-OFFICE—TREVENA CHURCH.

THE cliffs beyond Blackapit, on the coast-path to the Rocky Valley and Tintagel, hide in their embrace the beautiful tiny inlet of Trevethet Gut, where landsprings pour down the rocks, heavily draped with ferns. Beyond it, the cliffs are seamed with the old "Grower" slate-quarries, with a hill on the left known as "Cadon Barrow." It is best to turn inland here, to the village of Trevalga. The name is said to mean the "place of nobles." The church is dedicated to St. Petroc, and is an example of gradual growth, being partly Norman and Early English, with later additions. In the churchyard is the tombstone of a young woman, Elizabeth Richard, who is stated to have died aged xxii years and $\frac{11}{12}$, *i.e.* twenty-two years and eleven months. An epitaph on John Mitchell, 1764, has the following moral reflections :—

> Happy is he, the only Happy Man
> Who out of choice does all y^e^ good he can
> first to our Wives, Parents, children, fit respect
> and to our friends and kindred we direct :

who business loves and others better makes
by prudent industry and pains he takes,
God's blessing here will have and man's esteem
And when he dies his work will follow him.
not only this but those who will rely
on what I teach shall never, never die.

There is no lack of company in summer along the road between Boscastle and Tintagel, and now that motor-cars have discovered the West, the traffic is sometimes even congested. Presently a policeman will be required, say at Longbridge, after Trevalga, where the road swoops down, under the trees to the bridge crossing the stream running down from St. Nighton's Kieve to the Rocky Valley. If it be rainy weather, the touring cars and the waggonettes churn up a fearful mud, and if a long spell of dry weather has set in, the dust hangs thickly on everything. "You caan't see nothen, this summer, for the pillum. Us do want a passel o' rain to make the place look clane an' vitty agen." So said a cottager, whose wayside garden looked as though a carpet-beating company had been conducting extensive operations there. The "pillum"—that is to say the dust—was being stirred up continually and hung in the air like a miasma. Tennyson is responsible for this, for King Arthur and Tintagel had not become a cult before he wrote the "Idylls of the King."

I believe in King Arthur, not necessarily by that name, but that there was a historical, or, if you like it better, a prehistoric personage on

whom the great figure of Arthur is based, appears beyond doubt. But I decline to believe he in any way resembled the person Tennyson pictures, with the manners of a Sunday School teacher, and language to match. The school-marms, university-extensionists, and spectacled bat-like pro-

CRESWICK'S MILL IN THE ROCKY VALLEY.

fessorial persons, whom we see walking Tintagel and the country round about, with the Tennysonian Arthur in their minds, would not, one shrewdly suspects, have liked the real Arthur, who was probably a man of wrath and blood, full of patriotic sentiments, but giving expression to

them rather with the sword than by word of mouth. I am quite sure the affectionate maiden aunts who present good nephews with the "Idylls of the King," hoping the recipients will take the Tennysonian hero for model, would be quite horrified could they know the real Arthur.

It is a relief to escape the dusty throng and turn aside into the Rocky Valley. It is a vale of moss-grown boulders, of a bright and sparkling stream, a place where the foxgloves grow and blackberry brakes take you by the elbow and implore you to wait awhile: a place, too, of fairylike glades, with a newer and a better view at every turn, and down at the end of it the sea. Trevillet Mill, the subject of Creswick's painting of the "Mill in the Rocky Valley," stands picturesquely here.

In the upper part of the valley, on the other side of Longbridge, is the forty-foot waterfall of St. Nighton's Kieve, nearly a mile off the road. The romance of this lovely waterfall is perhaps a little obscured by the necessity for applying at Trethevy Farm for the key, but if the thought of it is resolutely banished, the meadow and woodland path has beauties sufficient to soothe any irritation. The little door to the waterfall, once unlocked, discloses the water pouring down from the summit of a kind of cliff, and received into a large natural rock-basin—the "Kieve," a Cornish word for "tub." Thence it pours out again, to the stream, hurrying through a natural archway and thence into a veritable

tunnel of foliage. Ferns and moss plentifully cover every available inch of rock. The St. "Nighton" of this place is Nectan, brother of St. Morwenna. The legend of it is that the saint established a hermitage and chapel above the waterfall and lived here many years. Coming at last to his end, he removed a silver bell that had hung in the chapel, and dropped it far out of sight through a rift in the rock. Then he died and was buried on the spot, and the fall was diverted so that it splashed over his grave. It seems a stupid legend, and stupid were those miners who are said to have believed it, and to have again diverted the fall, with the object of finding the supposititious silver bell. While engaged upon their treasure-hunt they heard the sound of the bell, and a voice saying: "The child is not born who shall recover this treasure," which so greatly alarmed them that they abandoned the quest. But St. Nighton's Kieve needs no such bald and unconvincing narratives, nor any fine writing to recommend it.

Bossiney comes next after Longbridge, but before the village is Bossiney Hawn, a little cove at the foot of tall cliffs, with a strip of sands and tolerably safe bathing. A natural arch in one of the cliffs forms a close resemblance to the head and trunk of an elephant. Offshore is the spiny islanded Lye Rock, with "the Sisters" westward of it.

Bossiney might readily be taken by a stranger for Tintagel, and it forms, indeed, a continuation

of it. A grey, subdued village it is, of scattered, humble cottages, but it was until 1832 a Parliamentary borough, returning two members, of whom perhaps the most distinguished in all its history was Sir Francis Drake. Bossiney was also a municipal borough; and a grassy mound,

THE ELEPHANT ROCK, BOSSINEY.

crested by a flagstaff, stands by the cliff, marking where, from very early times, the mayor was proclaimed, the writs for elections read, and the members afterwards declared elected. Heaven only knows what earlier rites were celebrated on that spot, for the mound is a prehistoric barrow. The description given by Leland of Bossiney is

one of the most curious even of his efforts: "This Bossenny hath beene a bygge thing for a Fischar Town, and hath great Priveleges grauntid onto it. A Man may se there the Ruines of a gret numbre of Houses. Here also cummith down a Broke, and this Broke and Tredewy Water resort to the Se at one Mouth bytwixt ij Hilles; whereof that that is on the Est side lyith out lyk an Arme or Cape, and makith the Fascion of an Havenet, or Pere, whither Shippelettes sumtime resorte for socour.

"A Frere of late dayes toke upon hym to make an Haven at this Place, but he litle prevailed theryn."

And now let the hopeful pilgrim to the chief shrine of the Arthurian legend reconcile himself to a bitter disenchantment.

No latter-day traveller coming to Tintagel can fail to be disappointed with it. Tennyson's picture of the place and of King Arthur, in his "Idylls of the King," has wrought this sorry change. The enterprising builder perceived quite clearly, almost a generation ago, that there was money in Tintagel and King Arthur, and I grieve to find that the ground-landlord, or landlords, did not say him nay. When the village still remained Trevena, rather than Tintagel, it was a place of a few scattered cottages, smaller than Bossiney, and they were of the Cornish kind. Here the earlier readers of Tennyson could find little abiding-place, but yet, year by year, they came every summer, in greater numbers. That demand

infallibly creates supply is one of the uncontrovertible axioms of the dreary science of social and political economy; and hence in the fulness of time Trevena became the "Tintagel" of to-day. Here is a "King Arthur" villa. I think, but am not sure, that you may buy "King Arthur" cigarettes at one of the little shops near Eagle Villa, where the figure-head of a ship, in the likeness of an eagle under rebuke, looks upon the dusty road.

Tintagel, strictly and properly speaking, is quite distinct from the village of Trevena that has now usurped its name. It is, indeed, no inhabited or habitable place at all, being just the bold, almost insulated craggy headland which projects into the sea beyond the last long-drawn houses of the village street: the headland of Dun-dagel, *i.e.* the "safe fortress," its natural features having singled it out from the earliest times for refuge and defence. All around the coasts of Cornwall there are projecting headlands, larger or smaller, more or less rocky and difficult of access, and in varying degrees almost isolated from the mainland by narrower or wider, lofty or low-lying, necks of land. On all these points of rock the primitive peoples who inhabited Cornwall long before the dawning of history, created what are known as "cliff-castles." Nature in every case was the chief builder of those "castles," and man had but to cut one or more trenches and to heap up lofty or less lofty embankments across the neck of each isthmus, for the defences to be com-

plete. So completely obvious are the defensive advantages of these several places, and so essentially unaltered, even in these days of ordnance, that some fulfil military uses now. Pendennis Castle, on the headland of Pen-dinas, by Falmouth, is a case in point. But none of these headlands was so completely defensible as this of Tintagel. Proceeding through the village, the road to this once impregnable fortress sharply descends to a narrow, rocky gorge, down whose midst flows a stream. At the end of it, in half a mile, the sea is glimpsed in the V-shaped cleft formed by the rocks on either side; rocks that begin to give place to ruined outworks of the ancient fortresses that have succeeded one another here. They are dark grey and black, slaty laminated rocks, and the ruined barbicans, watch-towers, or what-not, were constructed of the same material, so that the difficulty is not inconsiderable in distinguishing which is really a ruined wall, and which natural rock.

If the path be continued down to the sea, a sandy cove is found, deeply recessed between two massive headlands of dark rock, which is seen on closer examination to be veined with white and green and red streaks. The very approach to the cove is extremely rugged. You do not step gradually on to the sands at low water, but scramble down rocks; and if the tide be high, it almost entirely fills up the cove.

The headlands, then, to left and right, are those of Tintagel, and Barras Nose. Both are deeply

hollowed into huge caverns by the sea ; but those in the Tintagel cliffs, on the left, are the larger. One of them is called " Merlin's Cave." A picturesque wooden staging, overhanging the cove, is used for loading and discharging such small vessels whose captains have the temerity to enter here. Rough rock-paths, with here and there a hand-rail for the timorous, lead down and then up and across to " the Island," as the larger part of Tintagel is called. The chasm that intervenes does not obviously permit the passage of the sea, but it does actually wash through by means of the caverns. Here, then, with this rift in the jagged precipices, you perceive the natural advantages of the place, in the military sense ; but the castle ruins are distinctly visible on either side of this pierced isthmus. Whether the intervening space was once narrower and bridged by some contrivance of the drawbridge type, joining the sundered portions of the castle, and has been widened by time, or whether it was always, in the history of the castle, as broad as now, is frequently a matter of dispute, but there is no real occasion for doubt upon the point, for the testimony of old writers, sometimes at first hand, occasionally by hearsay, is quite clear.

Among the unreliables is Geoffrey of Monmouth. Writing in the twelfth century, he tells how the one and only entrance to the castle is " through a strait rock, which three men shall be able to defend against the whole power of the kingdom ; " but he does not appear

himself to have seen Tintagel. Leland, however, writing in 1538, actually speaks from his own knowledge of the "great and terrible cragge environed with the se, but having a drawbridge from the Residew of the castelle onto it;" and further, speaking of the castle, "ij Wardes be woren away with gulfing of the se, in so much that yt hath made ther almost an isle, and no way ys to enter ynto hyt now but by long elme trees layde for a brygge." Camden adds his testimony to the castle being "part upon an island formerly joined to the mainland by a bridge." Carew remarks: "Halfe the buildings were raised on the continent, and the other halfe on an island, continued together (within men's remembrance), by a drawbridge, but now divorced by the downfalne steepe cliffes on the further side."

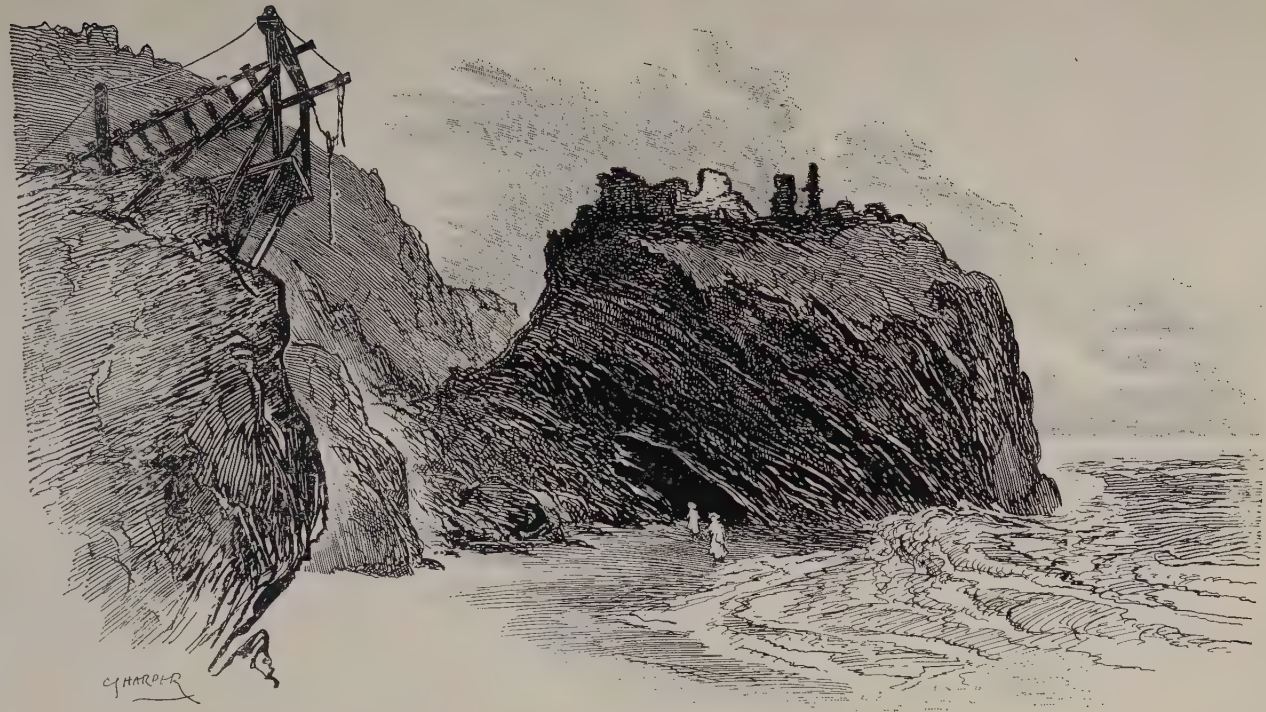
John Norden, writing a survey of Cornwall, in the early years of the seventeenth century, and dedicating his work to the "most High and mightie Prince, Jeames," by whom James the First is indicated, is not, perhaps, the easiest or the most instructive reading, but at any rate he gives us the best descriptive account, whether old or new, of the castle and headland of Tintagel. He and modern writers alike enlarge mightily upon the dangers of the place, but I think old Norden decidedly the most convincing.

"The principall buylding," he says "seemeth to be on the maynelande, from whence a Drawbridge was lett downe to pass to the Ilande to the other buyldinges; but of late yeares, within man's

memorie, it is depryved of that benefite of a bridge, and the passage to the Ilande is nowe farr more irksome and troublesome by a little Isthmos or neck of lande, which lyeth at the foote of the rock or Ilande, the descente unto it is verie steepe and craggie, from whence the ascente againe is farr more tedious and dangerous, by a verie rockye and wyndinge waye, up the steep sea-clyffe, under which the sea waves wallow, and so assayle the foundation of the Ile as may astonish an unstable brayne to consider the perill, for the least slipp of the foote sendes the whole bodye into the devouringe sea."

He has much else to say of this terrible place, but this may be well condensed into the one fine and illuminating phrase, summing up the situation: "He must have eyes that will scale Tintagel."

The early history of Tintagel is unknown, and it seems probable that it was in ruins even so far back as the time of the Norman conquest; but it is found shortly afterwards occupied by the Earls of Cornwall. In 1245, the then Earl of Cornwall entertained treasonable relationship here with his kinsman, David, Prince of Wales, but it does not appear that he suffered for so doing. The intervals in which even mediæval history has something to say of Tintagel are scanty, and the next item bears date 1385, when, the castle being used rather as an out-of-the-way prison belonging to the Duchy of Cornwall than a fortress, we find John de Northampton, Lord Mayor of London,



TINTAGEL.

"for his unruly mayoralty, condemned hither as a perpetual penitentiary." One would like to hear more of this; details of that mayoralty, and particulars of his imprisonment, but these are only fleeting glances we are vouchsafed. Sir Richard Grenville in 1583 (the hero, eight years later, of the *Revenge*) considered that Tintagel ought to be kept in repair, and wrote a report upon it, but the Queen's advisers thought otherwise, and it was thereafter left to ruin. The office of Constable of the castle was absurdly revived in 1852, at the suggestion of the Prince Consort, and given to the vicar of Trevena.

The existing roofless, and indeed, almost formless, walls, skirting the circuit of the cliffs, are without architectural features that would definitely determine their age, but it appears unlikely that any portion can be so old as that period in which King Arthur or his prototype lived.

Arthur has been the sport of literary men from the time of Geoffrey of Monmouth, about 1140, to Tennyson, and they have made of him what they will. Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," written in 1470, is more poetic in its majestic prose than any poet's work, and Arthur is not thoroughly emasculated by him; but that Romano-British chieftain whose exploits originated the marvellous legends of the Table Round and its twelve knights, of Joyous Gard, and the other picturesque features, cannot have been anything like the person represented in any of them. He was probably born late in the fifth century,

in that terrible period when the civilisation introduced by the Romans into Britain, and advanced to a high state in the passing of over four hundred years, was stricken down in the withdrawal of the Roman garrisons and the landing of barbarian hordes. Everywhere the Romanised British were fighting desperately against swarms of these strangers from the north of Europe, and gradually they were beaten back. The discoveries of Romano-British remains, such as the ruins of *Uriconium*, at Wroxeter, and those of *Calleva Attrebatum*, at Silchester, with traces of burning, and the skeletons of those who perished miserably in hiding from those pitiless invaders, tell us eloquently of those times. Any chieftain among the terrified British who could, for a while, at any rate, keep those ruthless hosts in check, and could even occasionally beat them back, was sure of honour in his time, and of a posthumous fame that would gather legends, taking ever more marvellous shape as time went on.

Cerdic, founder of the West Saxon kingdom of Wessex, felt the weight of Arthur's might in many battles, and was flung back in the great battle of Mount Baden, identified by some with Badbury Rings, near Wimborne; with Lansdown, near Bath; and even with a place in Linlithgowshire. It was probably the first of these and was perhaps fought in A.D. 516. There Arthur, performing prodigies of personal valour, smote the pagans to earth. Cerdic died in 535, without being able to prevail against the British, and

Arthur remained overlord of all that part of Britain stretching from Strathclyde, about where Glasgow is now, southward to Cornwall, and roughly half-way across it, from west to east. The abundant traditions and places associated with his name in all that territory, and across sea into Brittany, make it very evident that his military power had welded for a time the petty divisions which the Saxons could otherwise have taken in detail and destroyed. The legend of Arthur's treacherous nephew, Mordred, and the desperate final battle of Camlan, in which Mordred was killed, and Arthur received his death-wound, would seem to enshrine some original lost fact ; and perhaps points to the peace he had gained for the British being wrecked by internal dissensions ; mutual rivalries abundantly to be found in the story of all Celtic peoples. Those troubles resulted in a renewed Saxon advance, and the eventual conquest of Cornwall.

Arthur, we are told, sailed to the valley of Avalon, to recover, it might be, of his grievous wound. Some think to find Avalon in the neighbourhood of Glastonbury, and others point to an island off the Breton coast. To declare it an absurdity that any one could voyage to Glastonbury, would be to speak without knowledge of what Somerset was like in those times. Glastonbury, or the Isle of Avalon, was then one of many islands rising from the calm, lagoon-like waters, which stretched where Sedgemoor is now. It was, for instance, considerably over three hundred

years later that Alfred the Great hid there from his foes, in the Isle of Athelney.

It would be a natural thing for the British to bitterly mourn the desperate wound that Arthur had received, to wish him back, and to invent legends of his return when his country should again be in need of him. All those legends are part of the Arthurian romance; but although his people soon had a bitter call for a protector, he never returned. Yet, some day, the stories tell, when his country has direst need of a champion, he will come again. It is the outcome of the fervid Celtic imagination, which, so late as the time of Sir Francis Drake, evolved the mystic story that when England has need of him, he will be with us again.

Cornish legends variously tell us that at present the spirit of Arthur inhabits the body of a Cornish chough, or of a wailing gull, that haunts the crags of Tintagel. Twice a year, also, they say, Tintagel becomes magically invisible; but the genesis of that story may not be difficult to discover, for the sea-mists that occasionally arise, even on a glorious summer day, wrap the rude ribs of that ancient castle round in so thorough a fashion, that its very existence, and that of the headland itself, would not be suspected by a stranger. But it is oftener than twice a year this magical thing happens; and when it does, and you proceed with the necessary key that admits to those precincts, nothing but the clammy wisps of fog greet you. No ghostly court is held there, and

no spectral janitor asks what you would in the halls of Table Round.

The legends that enshrine the birth of Arthur and the twelve great battles he fought, originate with Nennius, who wrote his "Historia Britonum" in the ninth century. Arthur, reduced as nearly as may be done to fact, was the son of Uther the Terrible, Pendragon, or chief military champion, of the British kinglets. Opinions clash, however, as to the actual existence of Uther, but there is sufficient evidence of the reality of Ambrosius Aurelianus, the Romano-British chieftain, said to have been brother of Uther, and therefore uncle of Arthur. The mother of Arthur was Igerna.

Uther would not please those who like their legends to be of a high moral standard; for he appears to have been a personage who occupied the leisure left to him, after fighting the common foe, to making illicit love to lesser chieftains' wives. It is an ancient and more romantic version of Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea.

Igerna, or Igraine, was wife of the Duke of Cornwall, whose chief strongholds were Tintagel, and Damelioc, a hilltop earthwork fortress between St. Teath and St. Kew, about six miles from Tintagel. To Igerna the terrible Uther made such love that her husband ("Gorlois" he is named by the romantic Malory) hurried her to Tintagel and fortified himself in Damelioc, the "Castle Terrabil" of the romances, against Uther, who besieged him there and slew him. Uther

then married Igerna, who bore him two children, Arthur and Ann, whose son, Mordred, in after-years ended Arthur's career.

It was not long before Uther, who was at that time an old man, died. He was succeeded as Pendragon by Geraint, who was killed in A.D. 522, fighting with the Saxons at Langport. Arthur was chosen Pendragon after him, and met his own end in 537 or 542.

CROSS, TREVENA.

Almost the oldest thing in Tintagel stands in front of one of the newest. This is the rudely inscribed Romano-British cross in front of the "Wharncliffe Arms." It came from a farm at Trevillet, two miles distant, where it had seemed good to the farmers of generations back, to convert it into practical use as a gate-post. It stands nearly four feet high, and bears inscriptions on two sides, running thus:—"Aelnat + fecit ha(n)c crucem p(ro) a(n)ima su(a);" and the names of the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The whole is difficult to be read, because not only of the roughness of the granite, but also on account of its crabbed and contracted nature.

In midst of the many stuccoed abominations

that in these latter days disfigure Tintagel, the fourteenth-century building known as the "Old Post Office" is a welcome relief. The "Old Post Office" takes that name only from the building having for some years served post-office purposes, before the modern plastiferous horror immediately opposite was erected, and is really an ancient private residence of the smaller kind, of rather larger proportions than a cottage. The interest of it lies rather in its construction than in its history, for the house has really no story. It is one of the now unfortunately few examples left of the Cornish rustic manner of building in olden times, in which the design and the substantial character of the house were conditioned by the nature of the local materials, granite and slate. The walls are of great blocks of granite, the roofs of large and thick slate slabs. Time has so weathered the "Old Post Office" that, although almost powerless to affect in the slightest degree its structural stability, the centuries have given it a certain venerable air, more easily understood than explained. It has long been the delight of artists, and not a photographer, amateur

CROSS, TREVENA.

or other, who comes this way but expends a plate or two upon it ; although, to be sure, it appears to make a better drawing than a photograph.

There was, some years ago, a danger that the "Old Post Office" might be demolished, in order to clear the ground for villas and boarding-houses of the horrific type that now sears the soul of the

THE "OLD POST OFFICE," TREVENA.

sentimental traveller in these parts. It was put up to auction in 1895, but was fortunately bought by Miss Johns, solely with the object of preserving it from that fate. The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty afterwards became the owner, on the terms of paying Miss Johns £200, and granting her a lease of the house for her lifetime, at a nominal rent. There is, now, therefore, a certainty that, although Tintagel

becomes another Notting Hill, in the architectural way, the "Old Post Office" will remain for centuries yet, to point out the falling from grace that has come about. The interior is now a show-place, and is more imposing than a glance at the low, rambling exterior would lead a stranger to expect, for the height of the principal living-room is identical with that of the roof-ridge; the apartment thus forming a hall covered with the great original roof-timbers, themselves necessarily of very substantial character, bearing as they do the weight of heavy slate slabs. A gallery is a feature of one side, and smaller rooms open out below.

As I have already said, the "Old Post Office" is now a show-place, and a caretaker acts the showman's part. Not by any means an interested caretaker when the pilgrim of this pilgrimage came and knocked, and was admitted.

"I'm just about fed up with it," said he.

"The deuce you are," said I, "and you a Cornishman?"

"No, sir, not a Cornishman; I came from Brighton, I did."

"And you're going back, I suppose?"

"*I'm* sure!"

The grey old church, dedicated to SS. Materiana and Marcelliana, stands apart from the village, its bleak churchyard always sad, in winter storm or summer sun. Often, in the height of summer, when there is a calm, and moisture arising from the sea is condensed into

an impenetrable, cold, clammy white fog, the place, and the village and Tintagel, and the coast-line for many miles, are apt to be enshrouded in a ghastly winding-sheet of vapour, through which anything that is at all dimly visible looks unsanctified and forbidding. It is then as though that era promised by scientific men was really come: that time when the sun shall have lost his power, and the earth be surely returning once more to the Ice Age. It is true that the recent hideous bulk of the "King Arthur's Castle Hotel" does at such times begin to look rather romantic than vulgar, and that the plaster-fronted lodging-houses succeed, for once in a way, in giving the impression that they are substantial; but it is then but a ghost-world, grey and sad, here, and the wailing of fog-horns out of the emptiness emphasises a horrible feeling, that you and every one else are dead and damned in a cold inferno. The churchyard is then especially grim. Cold, shivery airs float past and salute your cheek, as though you had been kissed by the invisible ghost of one of the many drowned who lie here; some with their slaty tombstones, propped up with other slabs against the violence of the elements, telling their story, others unrecorded. Among the sad memorials here is a rotting lifebelt over the grave of an Italian sailor, one Domenico Catanesi, drowned in the wreck of the *Iota* of Naples. The lettering will soon be decayed entirely away. Almost solitary, at the western extremity of the churchyard stands

the elaborate tomb of Douglas Cook, 1868. He was a founder of the *Saturday Review*. Although so comparatively recent, it is already bearded with thick tufts of grey-green moss, much longer than that growing on any of the really ancient stones around.

An altar-tomb by the south door bears an epitaph to Thomas Heminge, who was killed by lightning :

> The body that here buried lyes
> By Lightning fell, death's sacrifice ;
> To him Elijah's fate was given,
> He rode on flames of fire to Heaven ;
> Then mourn no more, Hee's taken hence
> By the just hand of Providence
> O God ! the judgements of thy seat
> Are wonderous good and wonderous great ;
> Thy ways in all thy works appear
> As Thunder loud, as lightning clear !

In the vestry one may find this singular epitaph, on Christopher, son of Christopher Chilcot, 1696 :

> This Was Too Sweet : a Babe for : earth : Thus fate
> In paradiſe did Him : in : Oculate :
> What Heavenly : ioys At God's right hand there be
> This : Bleſſed Innocent : is Gon to See
> We : have loſt in : him : oh pity o'r complaint
> A hopefull Child : But he's gon : to be : A Saint
> Noe more Therfore of tears : but, Ceaſe, to : weep
> He lies : in : Abraham's Bosome : Let him Sleep
> Hoer : Flevit : pater :

In the south transept is the oldest thing in

Tintagel, a stone that had long been a portion of the lych-gate, but was found in 1890 to be a Roman milestone. It is inscribed IMP. C. G. VAL. LIC. LICIN., which has been extended to mean: "Imperatore Caesare Galerio Valerio Liciniano Licinio," and is considered to refer to Licinius, who rose from being a peasant to become Emperor in A.D. 307. Licinius came to a bad end. He married Constantia, sister of Constantine the Great, and ruled the Empire jointly with him. He was executed in A.D. 324, after injudiciously quarrelling with his brother-in-law.

Here is, for the rest, a passably good stained-glass window in memory of the first Earl of Wharncliffe, erected in 1899 by his tenantry; but the pitch-pine fittings of the church, and the showy modern encaustic tiles are sadly out of place.

The dangers of Tintagel are by no means to be lightly dismissed. They are not always those of falling from dizzy heights, or being claimed a victim by the sea. Sometimes the rocks fall. This coast, by some odd chance, seems fatal to visitors from Derby. A tablet will be found at Bedruthan Steps, to the memory of one from that town who was drowned there; and on August 9th, 1909, a visitor to Tintagel from Derby lost his life in a peculiarly sad manner.

He went to a high cliff overlooking the sea and sat there reading, possibly one of those modern exemplars and repositories of all knowledge and wisdom, the halfpenny newspapers,

which love to tell how man has conquered nature. And then, suddenly and without warning, the apparently solid cliff gave way, and the unfortunate man descended in thunder, amid tons of what journalists love to call "débris," to the shore, far below. People near by heard a noise, described at the inquest as "like the report of a gun," and descending to the beach, found the victim of the accident dying.

A local doctor stated "he had known the cliff well for years, and had never known the like happening before." So we may know our friends a lifetime, and even then at the last they shall betray us.

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CHAPTER VII

TREBARWITH STRAND — PORT GAVERNE — PORT ISAAC — DELABOLE — PENTIRE — ST. ENODOC AND THE SANDHILLS—ROCK—WADEBRIDGE—ST. BREOCK—LITTLE PETHERICK—PADSTOW—HARLYN BAY—TREVOSE HEAD—ST. CONSTANTINE'S CHURCH.

It is about two miles from Tintagel to Trebarwith Strand, and the best way to get there is by road, taking the intermediate Dunderhole Point on trust. The way into the place, after going for some distance in a featureless fashion, suddenly turns to the right and goes in a long, swift descent through a deep valley to the shore.

Miss Braddon, in "Mount Royal," is enraptured with Trebarwith Strand. "That noble stretch of level sand, with the long rollers of the Atlantic tumbling in across the low rocks, and the bold headlands behind—spot beloved of marine painters—spot where the gulls and the shags hold their revels, and where man feels himself but a poor creature, face to face with the lonely grandeur of sea, and cliff, and sky."

Speaking personally, I find myself, confronted with the exquisite scenery of Trebarwith Strand,

TREBARWITH STRAND.

an invigorated and delighted creature, uplifted and rejoicing at sight of those bold contours: the blackened jutting ledges of slate rock and the swelling lines of the bulging cliffs; and moved almost to some hymn of praise by the colour of those golden sands and the translucent green of the plunging waves.

"So rarely," says the author of "Mount Royal," "is that long stretch of yellow sand vulgarised by the feet of earth's multitudes that one half expects to see a procession of frolicsome sea-nymphs come dancing out of yonder cave, and wind in circling measures towards the crested wavelets, gliding in so softly under the calm, clear day."

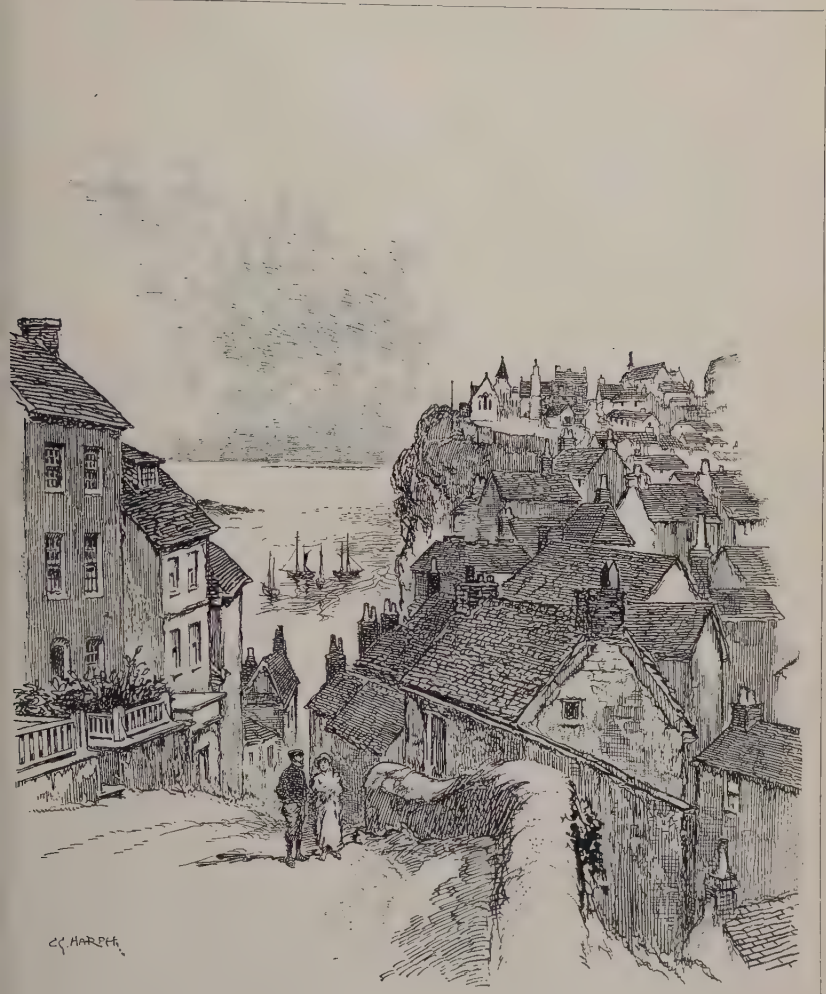
That may have been correct enough some thirty years ago, but it does not now hold good. There are frolicsome nymphs, it is true, but they generally come over by brake or other vehicles of the waggonette type from Tintagel, and they are accompanied by attendant swains and by middle-aged persons no longer nymph-like. They buy picture postcards, which succeed in showing the scatter of cottages and refreshment-rooms near the sands, but utterly fail to disclose the beauties of the spot; they fortify the body with meat and drink, and they paddle in the water. They are by no means vulgar people—the vulgar do not commonly come so far west—and they genuinely admire Trebarwith Strand, but they do so in the debased language of the age, and say, struck with surprise on first ob-

serving it: "This is a bit of all-right"; "Not half"; "I'm sure."

The *Wilhelmina*, German barque, was wrecked at Trebarwith Strand, November 14th, 1875. The sea was so violent and the rocks of that ripping character that no fragment remained, except one piece of board with the vessel's name on it. Mr. Baring-Gould has added a horrid clincher to tales of this savage coast.

"After a wreck," he says, "those lost are literally cut to pieces on the sharp, slaty rocks, and a man is employed to descend into the coves with a sack and collect the bits of human flesh which the sea casts up."

The coast between Trebarwith Strand and Port Gaverne, a stretch of five miles, is varied by the sands of Tregarget Beach, but otherwise is a length of not very remarkable cliffs. The walking is difficult, and no road serves between those two places except that which runs far inland, steeply uphill to the slate-quarries and village of Delabole. If it be hot weather, it is hot indeed at Delabole, where the sun, striking full upon the slate rocks, radiates a heat that makes every movement an exhausting experience. Delabole is slaty in every respect. Even the fences are slate. It is a very ugly and depressing place. Port Gaverne, where the road again touches the coast, is just a dark chasm in the cliffs with a village down below, and bathing, not so embarrassingly mixed with fish-offal and dustbin refuse as that obtainable at Port Isaac, where



PORT ISAAC.

the perpendicular cliffs form all-too tempting dust-shoots for easy-going housewives. "Gaverne" is probably a variant of "Keverne," and that in its turn stands for St. Piran.

Port Isaac, which immediately follows, is, as may perhaps have already been gathered, a true Cornish fishing-village, little leavened by modern conventions and prejudices. It is a hamlet in the parish of Endellion, nearly two miles inland, and is far larger than its original, being indeed a quite populous little place. Conceive a narrow inlet, or wedge cut out of tall, steep cliffs, and roads almost the steepest to be found in Cornwall running lengthily down into it and up out on the other side; pack the cliff-tops and those roads as tightly as possible with cottages and houses, and furnish every one of them with prolific families; and there, plus more than a little dirt and an ancient and fishlike smell, you have Port Isaac. But the illustration will show it better than words can convey, and proves it to be truly picturesque. The name has nothing to do with the patriarch, but no one really knows what it means. There is a choice of two explanations, one declaring for Port Issyk, the "lower port," the other for Port Izic, the "corn port."

Porthquin, two miles from Port Isaac, round the intervening capes and promontories of Varley Head and Kellan Head, is another Port Isaac, but in a state of abject decay. Thence the long coastline of Porthquin Bay leads round to

the remote headland of what is known generally as Pentire Point. There are really two points, with a good mile between them, and of these the easterly one is "The Rumps," while that to the west is Pentire. It is a wildly beautiful region, the cliffs honeycombed with caverns. A cliff-castle, whose ancient builders seem to have paid especial attention to the depth of their ditches and the height of their scarps, is situated on the Rumps, and huge island rocks, "The Mouls" and "Newland," frown darkly out to sea. The busy world seems, and is, very far away from Pentire, and you do not return easily to it, for the way round to the usual tracks of mankind is long and rough, past the little hamlet of Polzeath, where there is a sheltered verge of sand, and so across the hillside to Trebetherick and St. Enodoc. Here one has come well into the estuary of the Camel river, at this point half a mile wide. Obliquely across the water lies the ancient port of Padstow, and sand, sand stretches everywhere.

The lazy current of the Camel and the masterful winds have between them brought about the sandy desolation of these shores, but legends have something to say on the subject. According to these, it would appear that a sportsman, wandering along the estuary, observed a mermaid in the water, occupied in characteristically feminine fashion in combing her luxuriant tresses and admiring herself in a mirror. The pestilent fellow levelled his cross-bow at the mermaid and mortally wounded her, whereupon

ST. ENODOC, PADSTOW, AND THE ESTUARY OF THE CAMEL.

she cursed him and Padstow, prophesying the destruction of the port. It is not known what happened to that ill-advised marksman, but from that time the sand appeared that has since choked the harbour and created the fatal ridge that has ended many a ship—the dreaded "Doom Bar."

There can certainly have been no sand in the estuary when Padstow, over yonder, was built, or it would not have been built in that situation. Nor were there such mighty drifts and hills of sand as we see at St. Enodoc, for in that case it is quite certain that neither St. Enodoc's sixth-century oratory that lies buried somewhere under Brea Hill, nor the closely neighbouring early fifteenth-century church would have been established here. The devastating sand is, in fact, said to have first appeared about 1485. St. Enodoc's is a really satisfying sand-buried church. Very few are. We come, enthusiastic, to most of them to find merely the ruins of an architectural something, that might to all appearance have been an inferior cowshed, and find that enthusiasm difficult to sustain; but here is a real Perpendicular building, complete, with a roof on it and a crooked stone spire; with plentiful evidences of having once been buried up to the roof in blown sand and having been dug out again. This exhumation and subsequent restoration took place about the middle of the nineteenth century, when the sand was trenched immediately away from the walls, and

the rough stone churchyard wall banked up and planted with tamarisk, to protect it in future from the sand. It is said that, before these doings, the incumbent used to make his way through the roof. Zeal, you say? Ah! no, my friends, he was anxious for his tithes, which, in the event of no services being held, would have been endangered.

The living is held with that of St. Minver, and services take place only on alternate Sundays. They might very well be discontinued altogether, for the place is a wilderness; but perhaps now that golf-links have been established adjoining, a mission for the conversion of golfers who play on Sunday would not be without its spiritual advantages in recovering souls in process of being lost.

The direct way to Padstow is by ferry from Rock, one mile along the sandhills. A hotel has been established by the waterside at Rock, chiefly for golfers. Near at hand are the hamlets of Porthilly and Stoptide, with the church of St. Michael, discovered buried in the sands about 1867, and then restored. Maps show a hamlet called Pity Me, a little way inland, and the odd name leads many there, to see what manner of place it may be, but it offers no rewards in beauty or interest for the exertion.

It is a good six miles from Porthilly up by the Camel estuary to Wadebridge, and the roads lead for long distances away from the waterside, touching the oozy head of a creek here and there,

and finally going uphill and swerving sharply round to the right for Wadebridge town. Here a fine bridge of seventeen arches spans the Camel, or the sands and mud that most often display themselves and are not covered until high water is reached. The first half of the place-name comes from the "wath," or ford, that existed here before the bridge was built in 1485. Thomas Loveybound, vicar of Egloshayle, it was who brought the bridge into existence, but it was only after many failures that firm foundations were made for the piers. Legends of the kind common to the building of many other bridges tell us that the foundations were at last laid upon woolsacks. It is a highly imaginative and perhaps somewhat poetic way of putting the real facts, that the funds for building the bridge came from taxes levied chiefly upon wool.

Not quite a mile above Wadebridge stands Egloshayle—*i.e.* the "church by the river," the parish of that busy worker, Loveybound. He rebuilt the tower, whose doorway still bears his device, three hearts joined by a ribbon, inscribed "Loveybound."

The scenery along the Camel is of that sweet and tender beauty we associate rather with the Thames than Cornwall. It does not seem a land of legends; yet for all this, and although the road to Egloshayle is lined with the most matter-of-fact villas, it is a haunted road; haunted by a spectral white rabbit. No one wants to see that rabbit, for the sight of it, brings ill-luck, and I do

not know any one who has seen it ; but a tale of dread is told of one sceptical youth, who expressed a very great desire to do so, declaring he would shoot it on sight. He waited for this purpose with a gun one night, under the churchyard wall, and was found there next morning dead, shot through the brain.

From Wadebridge to Padstow the railway runs by the water, but the road goes far inland through St. Breock. The village is small, the church, dedicated to St. Breaca, after whom the church of Breage, near Penzance, is named, lying in a deep moist valley. Among the old slate slabs in the church is one inscribed, "Here lieth buried John Tregeagle, of Trevorder, Esq., 1679." This is the famous Tregeagle of the legends that represent him to have been a dishonest steward of Lord Robartes, and to be doomed to impossible tasks, such as the emptying of Dozmare Pool with a limpet-shell with a hole in it, and making ropes of sand. In his despair, and chased by the Devil's hell-hounds, he is represented in those wild stories to howl at night over the moors and waste places of the Duchy.

The road rises beyond St. Breock, and, passing St. Issey, comes down to Little Petherick—*i.e.* "Little St. Petroc."

There has been a great deal of High-Churchism at Little Petherick of late years, since the advent here of Mr. Athelstan Riley, insulting controversialist, fugleman of the extremists in that sort, one who can find no better phrase to describe a

person of a different way of thinking than "notorious Protestant agitator," and reprover and instructor of those bishops who are not of a sufficiently High school to please the ways of himself and his friends. The ultra High Church ways in vogue at Little Petherick find no support in the village. One Sunday morning, beside a spring on the quay which the High Church party pretend to be a holy well, I talked a full hour by the clock with an intelligent village carpenter, who spoke at length on these things. He pointed out the house built just above by Athelstan Riley for some precious Brotherhood or Sisterhood, bearing "A. R." on one of its gables, and told how the village sardonically interpreted those letters to mean "At Rome." He spoke of the mummeries that generally accompany a visit of the Bishop of Truro to the place, with banners and vestments and the sprinkling of holy water in the road; of the re-restoration of the church, and of the fate that nearly befel an old and valued edition of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," dated 1684, presented to the church by a late vicar, the Rev. Sir Hugh Molesworth, Bart. It seems that those volumes were discovered thrust aside, under a heap of builder's refuse, and were retrieved only to be placed in an obscure position in a dark corner, instead of in the prominent place they formerly occupied.

The "quay" of Little Petherick is rather more of a rustic river-bank than a quay. The "holy well" is a very excellent spring, that sprouts from

the hillside and falls into a stone tank from the mouth of a grotesque head, sculptured some few years ago in an archaic style, which almost deceives the stranger that he has happened upon something really of Norman antiquity. It has just that appearance of mingled devilishness and idiotcy which is characteristic of most attempts of the period at representing the human countenance.

From Little Petherick, a hilly, hard-featured high road leads steeply up, and then as steeply down, in two miles, into Padstow.

Padstow owes its name to St. Petroc, styled by Fuller, "captain of the Cornish saints." Petroc, Pedrog, Petrock, or Petrox, flourished about the middle of the sixth century, and was of royal Welsh birth. Renouncing such pomps and vanities as may have existed at that time, he retired to an Irish monastery and studied for twenty years; and is then said to have decided on a pilgrimage to Rome. His first stage was to this spot, then known as Lodenic, or Lassenac. He voyaged to Rome, and thence to Jerusalem and India, in a silver bowl, which called for him at intervals. On some unnamed island he existed for seven years on a miraculous fish, which, although eaten daily, came to life again. The silver bowl finally brought him back here to the estuary of the Camel, where he found the robe he had left behind him still waiting on the shore, guarded by a wolf. It does not increase respect for the clergy to see these emblems of such pic-

turesque lies adopted and worked into a banner displayed in the church.

Petroc finally retired inland, for fear of pirates. It does not seem a saintly act. St. Decuman did better. He allowed the heathen to decapitate him, and then washed his head and put it on again, in a matter-of-fact way, as though it had been a hat. Petroc went as far inland as he could, and founded a monastery at what is now Bodmin, *i.e.* "Bod-mynach," the "town of the monks." There he died A.D. 564.

Padstow is a small place, but, insignificant though it be, the difficulty of finding one's way about its crooked alleys is extraordinary. There are quays and courts and thoroughfares of various kinds, but nowhere any that can reasonably be called a street. The place has a past, not a great past, but one sufficient to have entitled it to the dignity of municipal incorporation in 1583; but it has long declined from that condition. Curious visitors come to Padstow, potter about its fishy purlieus, and wonder at the antiquity of its shops and the goods they stock, and say: "How delightfully old-world!" and then they go and stay somewhere else, just outside it.

The church of St. Petroc is approached either by alleys or from the road that leads up out of the town. Its tower is plain to severity, and although there are brasses and monuments of the Prideaux family within, the most interesting object it contains is the very fine font, typically Cornish, with its four pillars supporting the angles

of the bowl, of Catacleuse stone, sculptured with effigies of the apostles. The mansion of Place, with its deer park, anciently the seat of the Prideaux family, now of the Prideaux-Brunes, adjoins the church, on the west. It contains a long series of paintings by Opie, who was commissioned by the Prideaux of that day to picture the family, the servants, and even the domestic cats and dogs. A prominent feature is a fine staircase brought from Stowe.

For the rest, there is little to say of Padstow, except that the bathing-cove bears the mysterious and totally unexplained name of "Ship my Pumps," and that a rough May Day carnival is annually celebrated in which Hobby Horses figure, to the barbaric notes of accordion and drum.

Padstow is not an end in itself, lying as it does two miles within the winding estuary of the Camel, choked at low water with sand. Even the people of Padstow, when they want to make holiday by the sea, have to take a journey of two miles. They generally go to Trevone, a delightful sandy bay almost due west. If we imagine a triangle, with Padstow and Trevone at its base, and Stepper Point as its apex, it will be seen at once that the apex is likely to be a little-visited place, being on the road to nowhere. It is, perhaps, by so much the better. The way to it lies up from the North Quay and thence across fields and down to the intermediate point of Harbour Cove, where there are cottages and boats. Unquestionably the best way to view the grand cliff-

scenery of four miles from hence to Trevone, past Stepper Point, is to take a boat.

At Hawker's Cove, opening out of Harbour Cove, is the Lifeboat House, with two boats, one under steam. The first steam lifeboat here was wrecked on the Doom Bar, and all lives lost, when going out to save a vessel in distress.

Passing close under Stepper Point, crowned with a day-mark for the entrance to the channel, the cliffs grow grandly rugged, with great lowering rocky eaves and yawning caverns; the long, rolling ground-swell, even on those calm days of boating-excursions, swashing with a terrible inevitable and irresistible might into them. Streaks and bands of colour here and there variegate the rocks. Here is "Pepper Hole," there "Butter Hole," and, further on, Seal Hole. Seals are fairly numerous here and at other points down the coast, and at Scilly. The mingled wistful and trusting expression of a seal's face, something between that of a Newfoundland dog and a human being, almost makes my heart ache, I know not why. Sportsmen of sorts seek them at low water in the caves, with lighted torches, and slay them. They are confounded by the light, and fall an easy prey.

Gunver Head, the highest point, is identified by its flag-staff. Out to sea is the rocky islet of Gulland. Inshore is a pillar of rock called "Queen Elizabeth," not *the* Queen Elizabeth of Bedruthan. The reefs, where the seas foam and surge, are the Meropes, followed by "Permizen Bridge," a rock

promontory almost islanded. Behind it is Permizen Hole, or Tregudda Gorge, where splintered and shivered rocks stand like the remnants of some blown-up castle. Here and there the slate rocks give place to white and tinted limestone.

Landing at Trevone Bay, the coast walk may readily be continued through Harlyn Bay. The name of Harlyn Bay derives from "Ar-lyn," *i.e.* "By the lake," the lake in question being the almost lake-like bay. The local pronunciation still, while adding an H, keeps the ancient two-syllabic form, with an emphasis on "lyn." The bay is of the pretty, rather than the romantic, order; but extremely pretty, with fine yellow sands—one of those places which a builder with a speculative eye would declare to have a future. That future, I think, is nearly with us, for certain villas, an advance-guard, are sporadically evident. Picnic parties like Harlyn Bay. They drop the H of it all over the place, quite unconsciously giving it its proper name, and leave halfpenny daily papers and desolating penny weeklies about. In fact, Harlyn has always been a popular place, and once populous too; for as well as that Future it has had a Past. A Place with a Past: that describes Harlyn; and to see that past you have only to turn aside on coming down the road, into the grounds of a new restaurant building, over whose stucco and red tiles is so unmistakably written Present.

Long years ago, in 1886, some one opened a prehistoric mound near here, and found two

lunettes of gold. They were claimed as treasure-trove by the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, and are now in the museum at Truro. And then in 1900 came the discovery of a prehistoric graveyard. It was found quite by accident, in digging the foundations for this house, being heralded by the spade striking against what archæologists delight, in their archæological way, in calling a "kist"—that is, you know, a chest, of slate, sunk in the sand. It contained the skeleton of a man of the neolithic period, with his neolithic implements beside him. He lay fifteen feet deep. Further excavations, in which some two thousand tons of sand were removed, revealed over one hundred interments, in places four deep, and ranging apparently down to the bronze age. It is supposed that centuries intervened between the first and last of these, and that the blowing sands gradually accumulated. Here is a museum of relics, and some skeletons of those prehistoric dwellers in Harlyn Bay, brought to an unexpected secular resurrection, but I have not seen them, holding it equally indecent to disturb the dead of prehistoric times or of yesterday.

It is two miles from hence to Trevose Head, the most prominent headland on the north coast of Cornwall: a long featureless tramp, enlivened now and again by glimpses of blue sea. The headland, when you do at last reach it, through gates and past a farm and another gate, is worth the trouble, commanding from its great projection into the channel, and its height of 243 feet,

some fine views. It is remarkable for having two lighthouses, one above the other, and for the magnificent seas that foam round it. A mile out at sea the waters boil like a pot around the reef marked on Ordnance maps "Quies," a reef that has doubtless given many a stout ship its quietus.

The long, empty sweep of Constantine Bay, blown almost featureless by sand, is well displayed from Trevose; and maps mark "St. Constantine's Church" in a solitude, over half a mile from the shore. As in the case of other ruined ancient oratories, this is extremely difficult to find. Entirely by good fortune, I found my way to a lonely old farmhouse, which appears to have been Harlyn manor-house, and there got a glass of milk and boy for guide. The guide, it was astonishing to discover, had the unmistakable London accent, "Yuss," and "Nah," and all the rest of it. He was, it appeared, a Jew boy, planted out in the country from Bethnal Green, to learn farming.

The name of Constantine conjures up visions of Imperial Rome, but the saint has no connection with the Emperor. Emperors and saints, indeed, commonly travel different roads to fame. The especial mingled shame and final glory of Constantine the Saint is that he travelled both. No titular emperor he, but at any rate he was a king of autocratic, cruel, and bloodthirsty ways. He seems to have been a Cornishman, who had acquired some veneer of Roman tastes and some deeper-lying Roman vices; and he ruled part

of Cornwall and murdered his relatives, and lived a riotous and besotted life—a kind of duodecimo Nero—until Petroc converted him. All this was about A.D. 550.

A changed man, Constantine resigned his kingdom—no one invited him to stay—and sailed for Ireland, where he became a monk. He thence went to Scotland and suffered martyrdom on the Isle of Cantyre.

There is very little left of the church dedicated to him, but information is wanting as to the period of its destruction. The site is in a scrubby heath, sandy here and there, and grown with rough grass and brambles. A small portion only of the west end remains, and traces of foundations, by which it seems that the building was sixty-four feet in length and thirty broad. The fine font of St. Merryn's church, a mile inland, of the same type as that in Padstow church, but a better-proportioned example, is said to have come from this demolished building.

Constantine Bay ends at Treyarnon Beach, a pleasant sandy cove. Thence the cliffs lead to Pepper Cove and Fox Cove, and to Porthcothan, where there are a few recent houses, and a fine sandy bay, overlooked by a large old "carpenter-gothic" dark stone house, which looks like a mansion built by some misanthrope. It is a remote district, and grows even more solitary on to Porthmear Cove and Park Head. The cliffs here fall for the most part sheer to the water, and come to their grandest at Bedruthan Steps.

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CHAPTER VIII

QUEEN BESS ROCK, BEDRUTHAN STEPS—MAWGAN PORTH—MAWGAN AND THE VALE OF LANHERNE — PORTH — NEWQUAY — ST. COLUMB MINOR—ST. COLUMB MAJOR.

MANY years ago, in those times when the Great Western Railway, in common with others, did not illustrate the scenery within its territory so lavishly as now, it exhibited in its waiting-rooms a few wood-engravings showing the finest scenes on the Cornish coast. I forget the most of them, but that of the "Queen Bess Rock, near Padstow," remains vivid enough. One always longed for the opportunity to come of seeing that monstrous pile, whose scale was so artfully exaggerated, with the surf and flying spume wildly blown through the sky, and the seagulls beaten back from an ineffectual battle with the gale. One did not at first know or suspect anything of that exaggeration, but as time rolled on and experience gathered, one expected something of the sort, deducing it from an almost universal practice. Imagine, then, when at last, after half a lifetime, the writer, having long known almost all the Cornish coast except Newquay and Bedruthan,

found himself approaching the place, how eagerly he looked forward to finding the famous rock. It was a little discomposing at first to find that a good many people within ten miles of it did not know of the "Queen Bess Rock," and it was more than a little exasperating to find again that common experience in Cornwall, the utter lack of signposts in a lonely district, sending one off in wrong directions, quite off the coast. At last, however, the road came to a place where a field-gate stretched across. Here a weather-beaten signpost spelled out the words "Bedruthan Steps," in broken-backed fashion.

To the right, through this gate, over a rough pasture, lies the way to the spot; which, of course, does not in the least resemble any preconceived idea formed of it. Instead of coming gradually down to the sea by the shores of some little combe, the explorer finds himself advancing to an abrupt cliff's edge, where the rocks fall away suddenly and precipitously some four hundred feet, their base descending at high tide sheer into the water. It is a savagely grand scene of a comprehensive panoramic kind. One looks down upon gloomy chasms, and, along back to the east, upon a series of headlands, large and small, terminated by Park Head. It is difficult at first to get the real huge scale of the place, owing to the plunging, fore-shortened view, and there is no recognisable "Queen Bess Rock" anywhere to be seen, unless indeed an apparently insignificant pyramidal pile on the right,

standing in the water, surrounded by immensely larger rocks, be she. And it is. The disappointment, if it be high tide, is keen, but the case is magically altered at the ebb, for then, greatly to the astonishment of the inexpert, the apparently profound sea at the base of the cliffs has receded a considerable distance, and revealed the loveliest stretches of gleaming sands on which the many stupendous masses of slaty rock, that in bygone ages have fallen from the cliffs, are set, like currants in a bun.

Rude flights of steps, cut in the profile of the cliffs, and fortified here and there by a crazy iron or timber hand-rail, lead down to the shore; a deeper descent than one would expect. The steps, some 123 in number, are ancient beyond knowledge, and have given a name to the place. An uncertain tradition says they were cut by miners, but no trace of mining operations is to be found here. They were doubtless made originally by the country-folk, for convenience in reaching wrecks of the sea, always plentiful here.

Horrid tales are told of the fearful old days, when the Cornish were not merely content with the wrecks that winds and waves brought them, but deliberately and cruelly brought about wrecks, by the expedient of luring vessels ashore by false lights representing other ships riding at sea. There is not the least need to disbelieve those stories, and to point out the kindly nature of the Cornish. They were not always so: we know that. Wesley and effluxion of time have done

much ; and there is not the least possible doubt but that, if a Cornishman of to-day could be confronted with an ancestor of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when wrecking flourished, he would be eager to disown him.

The method of bringing a vessel upon the rocks at night was simplicity itself. You just procured a cow, a donkey, or a horse, and hobbled it, and then hung a lighted lantern round its neck. No further trouble was necessary. You left the animal to wander about the cliff-tops, producing an effect, when viewed from sea, of a vessel wallowing in the waves, and that same night, if you had any luck at all, there was your wreck, on the rocks below. If by chance any survived, you just knocked them on the head, and then all the wrecked ship and its cargo were your very own. No interfering coastguards in those days.

Of course, as time progressed, wrecks were merely sent by Providence, and not manufactured. Those were the times when the parson (I wish I knew his parish) simply prayed that, if there was to be a wreck, it might be on his parishioners' shore. " Lord ! " he implored, " we do not pray for wrecks, but since there must be some, grant, we beseech thee, that they may be on our beach ! "

The Cornish very slowly, and with the utmost reluctance, relinquished their ideas that the contents of wrecked ships were their legitimate spoil ; and they eventually did so, not from the conviction that is sometimes called persuasion, but from the criminal convictions that overtook some of them

found engaged in this kind of plunder. Thus, when the *Samaritan* brigantine, from Liverpool for Constantinople, went ashore in a gale on the night of October 29th, 1846, at Bedruthan Steps, and when five of the crew of seven were drowned, the whole countryside turned out to carry off the cargo, which, with the vessel, was valued at £10,000. The sequel to this was enacted at Bodmin, on Nov. 20th, when over twenty persons were committed to Bodmin Gaol, three of them being sentenced to five months' hard labour each.

Bedruthan Steps is a favourite spot for excursions from Newquay, and a cottage or two may be seen standing a field or so distant from the edge of the cliffs, where refreshment and accommodation of a primitive kind may be obtained for man and beast. Excursionists and the drivers of public vehicles generally time themselves to arrive at low water, and for some hours the caves and the sands down below are enlivened with sightseers. Then, indeed, "Queen Bess" does not disappoint. A walk along the sands brings one to her, and it is seen what a vast difference there is between the view from away above and that at the very foot of this singularly imitative rock. We are all familiar with the many more or less (generally less than more) recognisable rock-faces discovered and eloquently written about, and we wonder at the little resemblance they usually bear to anything human; but here in Cornwall we have already seen the very

remarkable resemblance to Queen Victoria at Boscastle, and singularly enough, the coast at Bedruthan Steps has an even closer likeness to Queen Elizabeth. This is undoubtedly the finest imitative rock in England, and needs no artful aid of illustrator or photographer in emphasising the portrait. It stands at low water quite easily accessible on the sands, and may be from ninety

QUEEN ELIZABETH ROCK.

to one hundred feet in height. It is only when viewed from the shore, looking out to sea, that it resembles the great Queen; from other points it is merely a shapeless mass. But the stranger coming to the rock has not to seek the likeness; he comes naturally to it, and finds it at once. He sees her, crowned, quite in character with her portraits, and with a generous ruff and spreading skirts; a very noble and majestic presentment. Her skirts are lavishly trimmed with mussels,

and kittiwakes settle, screaming, on her crown, looking inquisitively at those who pace the sands.

In the fact that only from one point of view is she queenly and majestic, antagonistic Roman Catholics may find a parable to suit their views of Gloriana.

There are dangers at Bedruthan: dangers in bathing, and others in lingering too long when the tide has begun to flow. These are sadly illustrated by a tablet near the cliff's top,

"In Memory of Alex. C. Laurie, of Derby, who was drowned in this bay, Aug. 12, 1903. This tablet is placed here by his friends (whose lives were mercifully spared), as a warning to visitors of the danger of bathing from these sands."

The road from Bedruthan to Mawgan Porth leaves much to be desired, alike in the matter of gradients, of surface, and of gates. Also it winds freely, and there are gates—seven of them, I think, on the way to the bare hamlet of Trenance, which looks from the windy shoulder of a down upon Mawgan Porth. And as if these were not sufficient, there are three more between Mawgan Porth and Mawgan, and two others between Mawgan and Newquay.

From the little sandy inlet of Mawgan Porth, lonely except for its coastguard station, a road leads straight inland to Mawgan, in the Vale of Lanherne, otherwise Mawgan-in-Pydar.

There are two Mawgans in Cornwall. The other is Mawgan-in-Meneage, *i.e.* Mawgan in the Stony District, near the Lizard. The meaning of

Mawgan-in-Pydar is explained by Carew, writing in the seventeenth century, as follows :—" *Pider* in Cornish is *four* in English, and this is the *fourth* hundred of Cornwall, if you begin your reckoning from the western point at Penwith."

It is close upon two miles to Mawgan. The Vale of Lanherne is justly famed for its soft woodland beauty, a complete contrast with that of the rugged coast, where few trees can exist ; and amid the tall elms stands one of the finest

MAWGAN PORTH.

churches in Cornwall, possessing an extremely graceful tower. All is stately and quiet here, as well as beautiful. A brook runs past the church, the comfortable " Falcon " inn stands opposite, with the motto of the Willyams family of Carnanton, " Meor ras tha Dew "—in the Cornish, language, " Many thanks to God "—on it, and Carnanton woods, with the Carnanton mansion hidden away in them, extend up the hill. Let us for once in a way thank Providence for a landlord ; for the family of Carnanton who have

kept this lovely seclusion unspoiled, and have not permitted the flaunting bungalow, the keepers of refreshment booths, or livers of the simple life under corrugated galvanised iron, to settle here in the Vale of of Lanherne, or at Mawgan Porth. The only blot in the place is the Roman Catholic convent of Lanherne, of whose "misanthropic shade" some one aptly writes. The nuns of that Carmelite establishment occupy the ancient mansion of the Arundells of Trerice and of Wardour, given to them in the opening years of the nineteenth century, when their Order was driven out of Antwerp by the French.

A fifteenth-century sculptured lantern cross stands in the churchyard, but although fine, is distinctly inferior in interest to the ninth-century cross inscribed "Runol," and sculptured with interlaced patterns and a crucified effigy, standing in the nuns' cemetery. It does not properly belong here, and was brought from Rosworthy Farm, Gwinear.

Many brasses of the Arundell family remain in Mawgan church, with life-belts and life-buoy from the schooner *Hodbarrow Miner*, wrecked at Mawgan Porth, March 8th, 1908, when four among the crew of five were drowned. In the churchyard still remains the stern of a boat, that drifted ashore at Beacon Cove in the winter of 1846, with ten men in it, frozen to death. Their names are painted on the wood: it eloquently forms their memorial.

The inland road to Newquay is a dreary

THE VALE OF LANHERNE.

business : the better way is to return to Mawgan Porth, and climbing the steep road past the coastguard station, follow the cliffs past Watergate Bay, past the Watergate Hotel, and so down into Porth.

Porth—its old name was St. Columb Porth—is magnificent. If I were a scene-painter, and wanted a model for a romantic seashore, I would take Porth for inspiration. The rocks are of shapes that exude romance, and the sea comes creeping in or goes sliding out across the shallow sands with a singular air of secretiveness that is very impressive. Relics sometimes disclosed of a submarine forest, and barrows that stud the cliffs on the way to Newquay, add definitely to the eerie quality of the place, and there is a blowhole in the islanded rock of Porth Island or Trevelgue Head that spouts and sprays and bellows. And yet modern and quite up-to-date Newquay is only a mile away, and quite visibly growing, growing, eating up the country and spreading an atmosphere of hotels, motor-cars (rather pungent, the motor-car atmosphere), and boarding-houses over old immemorial things and ways.

Newquay really is new, new that is to say according to British ideas. To an American it would be of a respectable antiquity. The "new quay," whence the place-name derives, was built some time later than 1615, when a certain Thomas Stuer sought to construct a pier at what was then known as Towan Blistra, for the protection

of shipping. The site was then an almost solitary headland, with numerous caverns, which in the great days of smuggling—a hundred to two hundred years later—were found very useful to the "free-traders." The nearest place was St. Columb Minor, two miles away, nearer Porth. It is still the mother-church of the present town of Newquay.

The growth of Newquay was slow. A fisher village was in existence early in the nineteenth century, and there were in 1840 a few primitive villas, but the discovery of the bracing air and the fine sands of Newquay dates from about 1850. Those were the times of a small and select Newquay, select because the difficulties of reaching it were considerable; and therefore the real beginnings of what we see to-day are found in the opening of the railway in 1875. Newquay is, in short, a creation of the Great Western Railway, which has a monopoly of the traffic. Since that momentous time, the town has increased by leaps and bounds, and now fringes the shores of Newquay Bay for upwards of a mile: a straggling, loose-jointed street of shops, residences, cottages, boarding-houses, and huge modern hotels. That is just the trouble with Newquay; that it fringes the shores and hides the sea, and that enormous barrack-hotels have been built upon all the view-points and the wild, breezy promontory of Towan Head.

The first impression of Newquay is one of dismay, but acquaintance modifies the disappointment,

MAWGAN CHURCH.

although one never really becomes reconciled to reaching the delightful sands through narrow alleys of printing-offices and other domestic arrangements of local trade. The peculiar feature of the shore at Newquay is its division into a succession of sandy coves, compartmented and shut off from one another by perpendicular cliffs of between fifty and eighty feet high. They run regularly from Porth to Newquay harbour, and are named Lusty Glaze Beach, Crigga Rocks, Tolcarne Beach, Great Western Beach, and Town Beach.

Newquay, it may be guessed from the foregoing remarks, is essentially a place for those who like to take their holidays and their scenery well qualified by hotels and luxuries. Could Dr. Johnson return, one pictures him delighted with it, and he would probably revise his opinion that nothing was so delightful as a drive in a post-chaise with a pretty woman by declaring for a motor-car.

For those who care little for such modified scenery, Newquay is merely a convenient place whence to explore the surrounding country. There is, for example, St. Columb Minor to be visited: a village with an ancient church and until quite recently an ancient parish clerk, James Carne, who died in his 104th year on October 7th, 1909. The monuments in the church include singular examples to "Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Pollamounter," 1640, like a jump-to-Glory-Jane, and to a weird-looking personage

whose initials the resourceful sculptor has placed on his baggy breeches.

Three miles further inland lies the greater St. Columb—the little town of St. Columb Major,

MONUMENT AT ST. COLUMB MINOR.

with a grand church and a moated rectory. The living is, like the fabric of the church, magnificent, and is said to be the richest in Cornwall. A former rector, who appears also to have been the patron, and who had presented himself to the living, probably on the proverbial principle

that "charity begins at home," offered, it is said, to give the income of the rectorate, if his church were made the cathedral of the revived Cornish bishopric, proposed a good many years before Truro was selected in 1877. He incidentally proposed to become the first Bishop of that see; so the offer was not altogether made from the point of view of local patriotism; and it was accordingly refused. The living of St. Columb Major appears to be worth £703 per annum.

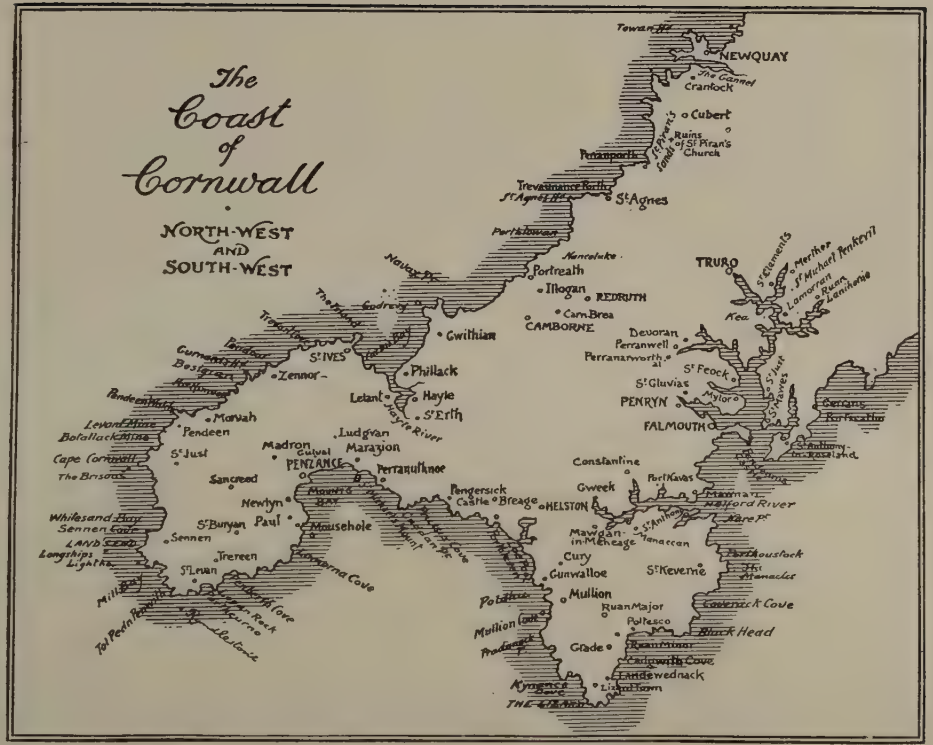
There are brasses of the Arundell family in St. Columb Major church, and memorials of the Bonythons of Bonython, the ancestral seat of their race, near Mullion, in the Lizard district. Here may be found the baptismal register of Richard, second son of John Bonython, baptized April 3rd, 1580: that notable Captain Richard Bonython who settled in America, and in 1630 established himself in New Somersetshire (now the State of Maine) upon an extensive grant of land. Thus early did the Cornish begin to distribute themselves into the remote corners of the earth. I am, moreover, reminded from far-off Adelaide, South Australia, by Sir Langdon Bonython, who beneath the Southern Cross still cherishes the old lore and history of Cornwall, that a still more extended fame belongs to Captain Richard Bonython, who, through the marriage of his third daughter, became an ancestor of the poet Longfellow.

The St. Columb of the place-name and the church dedication is uncertain. The better-known

Columba, Abbot of Iona, is probably the patron-saint of the place. Camden considered the dedication to be to a woman martyr-saint; and it might possibly be to the St. Columban after whom Culbone, on the Somerset coast, is named.

The windy heights of St. Columb, neighboured by the hills of Castell-an-Dinas and Belouda Beacon (nowadays corrupted into "Belovely"), give upon the wild and lonely expanse of Tregoss Moors, through whose midst runs the exposed old Bodmin, Truro, and Falmouth coach-road. St. Columb Major is thus, as it were, an outpost of cultivation and civilisation in a district where prehistoric man lived a draughty existence. On the lofty hill of Castell-an-Dinas, 729 feet high, tradition says King Arthur had his hunting-seat. To have hunted here, and inhabited there, and fought in so many other places traditionally associated with him, King Arthur must have been endowed with capacities for superhuman exertions: a Super-man indeed!

Even in the little town of St. Columb Major itself you perceive grey antiquity, not at all affected by the activities of five or six miles away, at Newquay, which have produced already at St. Columb Minor an unlovely suburban street or so.


The Coast of Cornwall
NORTH-WEST AND SOUTH-WEST
NEWQUAY
Cubert
Ruins of St Piran's Church
St Agnes
TRURO
REDRUTH
CAMBORNE
Portreath
Illogan
Gwithian
St IVES
Zennor
Phillack
Hayle
St Erth
Morvah
Pendeen
Ludgvan
Marazion
PENZANCE
Perranuthnoe
Sancreed
Newlyn
Paul
Mousehole
St Buryan
Sennen
Trereen
St Levan
Cape Cornwall
St Just
Pengersick Castle
Breage
HELSTON
Gweek
Constantine
Mawgan-in-Meneage
Cury
Gunwalloe
Mullion
Ruan Major
Poltesco
Grade
Lizard Town
St Keverne
Coverack Cove
Black Head
Cadgwith Cove
Landewednack
Kynance Cove
Penryn
FALMOUTH
St Gluvias
Perranwell
Devoran
St Feock
Mylor
Carrick Roads
Truro River
Falmouth Harbour
St Anthony-in-Roseland
Portscatho
Porthoustock
Helford River
St Anthony
Manaccan
Constantine
Porthkerris
Porthleven
Nanquidno
Godrevy
Trevaunance Cove
St Agnes Head
Penanporth
St Piran's Round
Perranporth
Crantock
The Gannel
Towan Head
Pentire Point
St Mawes
St Mawes Castle
St Clements
St Michael Penkevil
Merther
Lamorran
Ruan Lanihorne
Mylor
Restronguet Creek
Carrick Roads
Penryn
Flushing
Mawnan
Trenance
Porthleven
Gunwalloe Cove
Mullion Cove
Predannack
Kynance Cove
Lizard Point
Whitesand Bay
Sennen Cove
Land's End
Longships Lighthouse
Tol-Pedn-Penwith
Mill Bay
Nanquidno
Porthcurno
Logan Rock
Lamorna Cove
Penzance
Mount's Bay
Marazion
Ludgvan
Hayle River
Godrevy
Gurnard's Head
Zennor Head
Trencrom Hill
Carn Brea
Carn Marth
Pendeen Watch
Levant Mine
Botallack Mine
The Brisons
Cape Cornwall
Newlyn
Paul
Mousehole
Sennen
Trereen
St Levan
Lamorna Cove
Tol-Pedn-Penwith
Logan Rock
Porthcurno
Mill Bay
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Breage
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Gweek
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Manaccan
Cury
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Mullion Cove
Predannack
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Ruan Major
Poltesco
Grade
Ruan Minor
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Landewednack
Coverack Cove
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Nare Head
Carrick Roads
Flushing
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Restronguet Creek
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St Anthony-in-Roseland
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Illogan
Redruth
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Nanquidno
Porthleven
Trevaunance Cove
St Agnes Head
St Agnes
Penanporth
St Piran's Round
Ruins of St Piran's Church
Cubert
Crantock
The Gannel
Newquay
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Pentire Point

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CHAPTER IX

CRANTOCK — WEST PENTIRE — CUBERT — THE LEGEND OF LANGARROW—ELLENGLAZE—ST. PIRAN'S SANDS—PERRANPORTH—ST. PIRAN'S ORATORY.

NEWQUAY, spreading on all sides, has at last sent some offshoot streets exploring across the inland end of the ridge that ends the forked headlands of Towan Head and East Pentire Point; and now begins even to contemplate the lonely Gannel. The Gannel is a saltwater estuary (gan-hael, "mouth of the creek or river") which runs nearly two miles inland between East and West Pentire Points, and looks at high tide a very profound and formidable place, becoming at low water a mere waste of sand, through whose midst runs the thin thread of a small stream. The direct way to Crantock and the coast across this channel is from Trethellan to Penpoll, a plank bridge spanning the stream at low water and allowing foot passage across the sands. At any state of the tide above low water, the plank is submerged and the crossing can be made only by boat. Such are the primitive ways still remaining even outside Newquay. Vehicular

traffic generally goes a circuitous inland route to Crantock.

The crossing of the Gannel and the arriving at Crantock by way of Penpoll is an easy enough matter for those who know, but the stranger almost invariably is misled by the far outward trend of the coastline, and trudges wearily through yielding sands until it is at last quite evident that he has come far out of his way. And then,

CRANTOCK CHURCH.

because no one who can help himself ever goes back, he scales cliffs clothed with blackberry brambles and at last, trudging over ragged fields, comes weary into Crantock, which is really, when approached the right way, well within reach of the least energetic visitor to Newquay, and thus, with the growth of that amazing place becomes more and more a frequented spot.

Two or three fantastic houses have sprung up here, looking across to the church, which

stands on a rough, scrubby knoll like a common, laagered behind a rude masonry wall fringed with grasses and tamarisk. Anciently the place was known as Tregunnel, from the channel we have just crossed, and is said to have been formerly a considerable port, and the Gannel its harbour. St. Crantock, the patron of its church, was an Irish fifth-century missionary, who floated across the sea on a raft, with his altar leading the way. The Irish call him Saint Cairnech, and there is a church dedicated to him at Llangrannog, in Cardigan Bay. A great deal of obscure early church history belongs to this now insignificant place, and the church was the centre of a collegiate establishment, from Saxon times to those of Henry the Eighth. It was until 1899 in a neglected condition, the roofs rotting away and the walls almost ruinous. In that year an elaborate restoration was begun under the direction of Edmund Sedding, and the church re-opened in 1902. The average net income of the vicar is £30, gross £63; and the spiritual needs of so small a place neither warrant a large income nor the extraordinary efforts that have been made for a costly restoration. A heavy, carved rood-screen has been installed, elaborate stained-glass windows inserted, telling the story of St. Crantock, and many evidences of advanced ritualistic tendencies are to be seen. I have never in any other church seen so many and such piteous appeals for help, couched in such terms of abasement, although it is quite evident, from a mere

glance, that much more has already been expended than would have sufficed most other churches. It is a dim interior, sufficiently typifying the Ritualistic mind ; and women are found kneeling and genuflecting in corners, passing the afternoons

FONT, CRANTOCK.

in that way, out of the reach of God's sunshine, and examining their own paltry twopenny-halfpenny souls and imagining *that* to be religion. That kind of soul is not worth the saving. Believe me, work, and a care rather for the souls and bodies of others, is a better way to salvation

than bowing before images in a church, day by day.

There are fragments of Norman architecture here, but for the most part the building is Early English and Decorated. The font is something of a puzzle. It is obviously Norman, or of Norman design, but the bowl is inscribed with the date 1474, which may mark repairs effected at that time, after the fall of the tower. There is much of the local sandstone in the building.

There are remotenesses beyond Crantock, out West Pentire way, beyond the silly squalor of form, rather than of social circumstances, of the hamlet of that name. West Pentire Head is so finely remote, the air of it so bracing, the scenery that God made so beautiful that the hamlet's misused opportunities and flouts and affronts upon all that beauty are deplorable.

In between West Pentire Point and Kelsey Head is Porth Joke, whose name piques curiosity without imparting information. Doubtless some Cornish descriptive name is hidden somewhere in it, for "Joke" must be only a corruption. Porth Joke is, I read in guide-books, "a good place for a picnic," and so it is: a charming little sandy bay, but it is not so much of a picnic for the pedestrian who has undertaken the business of following the coast line, and is not content with just sampling successive coves and proceeding along the easy roads between them; rather than following the coastguard paths. He must climb and scramble who seeks to trace the shore here.

Kelsey Head the weary traveller is apt to take on trust, and to make as straight as may be across a furzy, heathery line of country, for Holywell beach. The spot is in the middle of Holywell Bay, a wide, lonely, sandy bay enclosed between the rocky arms of Kelsey Head and Penhale Point, and the attraction of it is a certain "Holy Well," formerly of great repute, and still of astonishing beauty. Just about that place where the cliffs of Kelsey Head begin to die away into wastes of sand, the Holy Well will be found. Its position is marked from the shore by a cave and some rough steps cut in the cliffs, leading to where it is situated, half-way between shore and cliff-top. A spring charged with mineral qualities pours from the rock into a natural basin, which in its turn empties into a rock-channel leading into another basin: the rocks stained in many tints and overhung with moss and ferns. The mildly curative qualities of the water rendered the well "holy" in those times when superstition still lingered.

It is a very long mile from this place to Treguth farm, where the road is reached once more; and from that point it is another mile on inland to Cubert.

Cubert church is said to be dedicated to St. Cuthbert, an error by which St. Cuby, Kebi, or Kea is deprived of his just fame. He flourished in the sixth century, and was the son of a petty king in Cornwall, and a Welsh mother. Relinquishing the succession to his father, he jour-

neyed into his mother's country, on a visit to his cousin, St. David, and thence proceeded to Arran, in Galway. This interchange of missionaries and saints between Cornwall, Wales, and Ireland is amusing, and seems to show that those various peoples must have had the most conflicting ideas of the spiritual darkness of each other's native lands. He met with much annoyance and discouragement in Ireland, where at that time they considered themselves to know everything necessary to salvation, and looked upon the Cornish as only fit to be preached at and made to see the error of their ways. Cuby therefore departed for North Wales, and sailed the ocean blue in the uncompleted wicker framework of a boat, which was the only vessel his persecutors would allow him, thinking he would certainly be drowned. But he landed safely on what is now Holy Island, Anglesey. The great headland there is called after him, "Pen Caer Cybi," or "the Head of Cybi's town"; for he founded down below it what is now the seaport of Holyhead, which still retains in its midst the old church of St. Cybi.

The church of Cubert shares with that of St. Hilary, near Marazion and Lostwithiel church, the rare distinction in Cornwall, of a church with a spire. Spires are very unusual in the West, and this of Cubert is, like those others, of stone. Standing high as the building does, on Cubert Common, and overlooking the wastes of shifting sands it forms for long distances, and

from many points of view, a striking feature, and it is not difficult to suppose the spire to have been provided in this instance for the purpose of serving as a landmark. The church is Early English and Perpendicular, and is largely built of a local sandstone, compacted from the omnipresent sands and the filtration into them of ferruginous springs. The interior suffers from a combination of the old-time stupid activities that covered up the ancient waggon-roofs with flat ceilings and the modern neglect that has allowed walls and pillars to grow green with damp. Placed against the exterior of the tower is an inscribed stone discovered during some repairs a few years since. It reads :—

CONECTOCI FILIO TEIERNO. MALI.

or " Conectocus, son of Tejerno. Alas ! "

The outlook from Cubert churchyard towards the distant sea ranges across the wide desolate expanse of St. Piran's Sands, rendered a thought more desolate still by the abandoned mines, whose engine-houses look down upon the shifting wilderness. Dark legends tell of remote times, when these sands that now occupy all the coast between Ligger Point and Perranporth, and extend at their broadest point nearly two miles inland, formed the site of the lost city of Langarrow. They were collected and set forth by Robert Hunt some forty years ago, in his " Popular Romances of the West of England " as follows :—

" We cannot say how many years since, but

once there stood on the northern shores of Cornwall, extending over all that country between the Gannel and Perranporth, a large city called Langarrow or Langona. The sand hills, which now extend over this part of the coast, cover that great city, and the memory of a sudden catastrophe still lingers among the peasantry.

CUBERT CHURCH.

This city in its prime is said to have been the largest in England, and to have had seven churches, remarkable alike for their beauty and their size. The inhabitants, who were wealthy, drew their wealth from a large tract of level land, thickly wooded in some parts and highly cultivated in others, from the sea which was overflowing with fish of all kinds, and from

mines which yielded them abundance of tin and lead.

"To this remote city in those days criminals were transported from other parts of Britain. They were made to work in mines on the coast, in constructing a new harbour in the Gannel and clearing it of sand, so that ships of large burden could in those days sail far inland. This portion of the population of Langarrow were not allowed to dwell in the city. The convicts and their families had to construct huts or dig caves, and to this day evidences of their existence are to be found under the sand in heaps of wood ashes, amidst which are discovered considerable quantities of mussel and cockle shells. Those fish we may suppose were their principal food. For long this city flourished in its prime, and its inhabitants were in the enjoyment of every luxury which industry could obtain or wealth purchase. The convicts sent to Langarrow were of the vilest. They were long kept widely separated; but use breeds familiarity, and gradually the more designing of the convicts persuaded their masters to employ them within the city. The result of this was after a few years an amalgamation of the two classes of the population. The daughters of Langarrow were married to the criminals, and thus crime became the familiar spirit of the place, and eventually when vice was dominant, and the whole population sunk in sensual pleasures, the anger of the Lord fell upon them. A storm of unusual violence arose,

and continued blowing, without intermitting its violence for one moment, for three days and nights. In that period the hills of blown sand extending, with few intervals, from Crantock to Perran were formed, burying the city, its churches, and its inhabitants in a common grave. To the present time those sandhills stand a monument of God's wrath."

Such was anciently the site of St. Piran's Sands, and whatever the proportion of imaginative romance in the story, certain it is that the neighbourhood of St. Piran's oratory, in the midst of them, is strewn with the bleached bones of many thousands of people, who cannot all have been burried there with the object of resting in the holy company of the saint. Even a casual, unobservant visitor will notice some of these poor relics of humanity, which the shifting sands are continually covering and uncovering.

The way to St. Piran's oratory is obscure. One is prepared for considerable difficulty in finding it, but not for the almost hopeless quest it really proves to be, amid those labyrinthine sandy hills and valleys.

The first steps are easy, in spite of the French proverb, *C'est le premier pas qui coûte.* They are the after-steps that cost, in these exploratory matters, anyhow. The beautiful simplicity of getting by road from Cubert, and thence by a left-hand fork marked "To Ellenglaze," is a shocking contrast to that which follows. Idly considering how pretty that name of Ellenglaze—

perhaps thinking of Scott's romantic ballads and "Ellen's Isle," and wondering what sort of place this will be—you come down a sharp dip in the road—a road that hitherto has had every appearance of going on for miles—and behold, an end! It slams downhill, past a farm, and there, in a bottom, charges directly into a stream crossed by a crazy plank-bridge, and butts up against inconceivable, horribly steep, and impending hills of sand. Not, you know, fixed sand, sparingly overgrown with grass; but deeply yielding, loose, very imponderable sand, that flies off in clouds in the high winds which blow across, and, decapitating the lofty peaks they raised yesterday, fill up the hollows and proceed to make new hills elsewhere. Rarely ever is it possible to see so striking a demonstration of the Biblical remark on the subject of the valleys being exalted and the hills laid low. Fortunately, it is rarely in summer that such manifestations are to be seen. There is a singular appearance—a rather awesome aspect it is—in these great bulging sandhills overlooking Ellenglaze, as if all this had happened recently, instead of many centuries ago. The appearance of the suddenly shorn-off road creates that impression, together with the extraordinarily sharp transition from cultivation to wildness. There are no intermediate stages of struggling with the sandy enemy: the change is clear-cut and dramatic in the extreme. A farmer, looking contemplatively from his farm-yard, a figure of peace and of as much contentment as can humanly

be expected in a farmer; said the way to St. Piran's oratory was "out yonder," and pointed a finger vaguely into a distant maze of sand-hills. "I'd come and show ye, only I'm busy gettin' in my corn," he said. "You cross up yonder where the old tramway is, only there isn't any tramway now, since they pulled up the rails, and then"— and so forth: directions equally intelligible.

I crossed the stream, and thinking of the difficulties of the British expeditionary force in the Soudan, advancing from its base into the desert, plunged into the wilds, ankle-deep in sand from the beginning. And always, while toiling up hillsides, sometimes on all-fours, and descending slopes, the farmer directed operations from the rear, so long as he was in sight, with shouts and gesticulations.

I will not dwell upon those wanderings in the desert; on the hot and stuffy hollows in between the hills, sometimes dry, sometimes marshy, with reconnoitring rabbits silhouetted against the skyline, rushing to cover as one advanced; or on the cool, invigorating air on the hill-tops. Early I passed the half-obliterated track where a tramway had run from one of the distant abandoned mines, and caught a glimpse of a sea-horizon in a notch between the hills; and when at last all sense of direction had been hopelessly lost, I tracked my way back by my own footsteps to the place, and thence made for the sea, emerging at length upon sandy towans

fronting Perran Bay, with a two miles' walk along that solitary seashore into Perranporth.

At Perranporth, a broad, shallow valley comes down to the sea, opening upon beautiful sands and a shallow bay, where bathing and paddling are safe and pleasant. The cliffs are curiously honeycombed with caverns and " natural arches,"

ROCKS AT PERRANPORTH.

which look unnatural and impossible in drawings, however carefully made, and a rocky island lies off the bay with, at one end, an odd profile rock bearing a likeness to the Sphinx. That times of storm and wreck come to Perranporth let the view of the *Seine*, wrecked here in 1898, tell, with some emphasis.

A kindly autocrat at Perranporth would have made of it a better place than it is. Its real beauty and attractions have been frittered away

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WRECK OF THE *SEINE*, PERRANPORTH.

by squatters who have established cheap and vulgar shops and refreshment-houses, and wheeled wooden shanties that supply simple things for excursionists. There is no order, no beauty in the things that have been done and the houses that have been built at Perranporth, which will remain a lost opportunity until the happy day shall arrive and it be abolished and begun anew.

Failing miserably in the first attempt to find St. Piran-in-the-Sands, I approached it by a new line of advance from the direction of Perranporth, passing through the hamlet of Rose. The tumbled wastes of sands stretch desolately away, ahead, and the very questionable-looking farm-road or sandy track that branches off the road beyond the hamlet is lonely, but that is the way to the famous spot. Following this dubious way, turning neither to the rifle-range on the left, nor to the cross up among the sand-dunes on the right, marking the site of a second church which stood there until 1803, the road at length dies away and is lost amid faint patches of grass and drifted sand. The ruined oratory is at this point less than a quarter of a mile westward, and it would now seem a simple matter to find it, but the hummocks and hollows that have to be skirted alter the apparent direction so much that it is a difficult business, particularly as the sought-for building is a mere fragment, and obscured by a protective railing.

And now, in the present explorer's experience, "a strange thing happened": thus to quote

an all too-favourite expression whch runs like a recurrent pattern through the pages of William Black's novels. A distinct trail of scraps of torn newspaper began where the track ended. It was a hint that, followed up, led to the place of pilgrimage. Heaven's blessings light upon that benefactor of his kind, who, perhaps to guide some friend, directed also the footsteps of the stranger into what I would call the right path, only that there is no path at all.

There stood the ruin, on the edge of a sandy plain thinly grown with an innutritious grass, rising here and there into small tufts and tumps, where the innumerable rabbits of the place have made their burrows. A gate in the railing leads into the building, whose length is about 30 feet, and breadth 13 feet. Only a small portion of the west gable, about six feet high, remains, with the rest of the walls hardly visible above ground.

You step down into it, as into a shallow tank, which it closely resembles in wet weather, when the rain accumulates on the concrete floor. That is the present condition of St. Piran's oratory. Let us now consider the reason of its being here, and the saint after whom it is named.

St. Piran has been approached in widely different ways by speculative writers. Some have stripped the story of him clear of fantasies, and displayed him as the early sixth-century Irishman, Kieran, Bishop of Ossory and friend of St. Patrick, who sent him with eleven others on a mission to Cornwall; while others have gone so far as to

declare him a myth, and that Piran was merely a sublimation of the ancient tin-miners, a compaction of all their virtues. Such a sceptical view of Piran and his sanctity arises from the absurd legend which tells us that it was Piran who discovered tin, and long ago set him up as the patron saint of tinners.

Kieran, for that was his real name, landed at St. Ives. As he is easily the most popular saint in Cornwall, more popular even than St. Petroc, with three places—Perranzabuloe, Perranarworthal, and Perranuthnoe—named after him, so also his voyage from Ireland was the most miraculous; the legends declaring him to have been flung into the sea, tied to a millstone. Contrary to the reasonable expectations of those who thus unceremoniously embarked him, the millstone floated, and gave him a safe passage into what is now St. Ives Bay. He roamed from that landing-place as far up along the coast as this spot, and here he established his oratory and baptistery, and at last died about A.D. 550. His disciples, or converts, buried him here, or, according to a more wonderful version, feeling his end near, he dug his own grave and laid himself down in it and died; whereupon his community built a church over him. This early church, which was afterwards a place of pilgrimage, and had the right of sanctuary, was suddenly overwhelmed in the course of another four centuries by a sandstorm, and was replaced by a new church on another site, a quarter of a mile

to the east, and protected from the constantly drifting stand by a little stream. Rebuilt on the same site in 1420, it remained safe until about 1780, when mining operations caused the stream to be diverted. Then it was gradually threatened with the fate that had overtaken St. Piran's oratory, and was in 1803 dismantled and rebuilt nearly two miles away. A stone cross marks the site of that removed church of Perranzabuloe, *i.e.* "Piran-in-the-sands," but in the century that has passed since then, the sand has drifted nineteen feet deep where it stood. The extreme sanctity of the surroundings, both of the oratory and of the church that succeeded it, seems to be indicated by the numerous human bones found on the sands, exposed by the burrowing rabbits and by the wind.

St. Piran's oratory was lost, except to tradition, for many centuries, until 1835, when the sands were blown away by long-continued gales. The scouring of the winds disclosed a building whose walls were still quite perfect. Only the roof had disappeared. The walls were covered internally with plaster, but were constructed of rough stones of all sizes, picked apparently at haphazard from the beach, and stacked in like manner upon one another. There had not been any windows in the building, except one in the east gable, which had been blocked up, and one in the south chancel wall, and that was a small aperture for air, rather than light. There were two doorways, one in the north wall, and another in the south. A

stone seat ran round the greater part of the interior, and the altar remained in its place. Beneath it were discovered three skeletons, one of a man of gigantic stature, measuring about 7 ft. 6 in. The heads, or skulls rather, had been detached, and that belonging to the gigantic skeleton was missing, leading to the supposition that this was the framework of St. Piran himself, whose head, it was known, had been removed at the building of the second church, and had some time after the rebuilding of 1420 been provided with a suitable receptacle, as directed by the will of Sir John Arundell, of Trerice, dated 1433, in which occurs the passage: "To provide honourable protection for St. Pieran's head, the sum of 40*s*."

Within a few weeks of its discovery the lost oratory of St. Piran, so strangely found, had been almost wholly destroyed by relic-hunters and mere wanton mischief-makers. To-day, a notice threatening with prosecution those who disturb the remains of the dead will be seen. It seems rather belated, and the rabbits and the winds between them perform a good deal of exhumation in these sands, the traditional site of the overwhelmed city of Langarrow.

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CHAPTER X

ST. AGNES—TREVAUNANCE PORTH—PORTREATH—DOLCOATH: DOWN A TIN MINE—ARSENIC

The cliffs out of Perranporth towards St. Agnes are not, so far as Cligga Head, at any rate, for the tourist. Dynamite factories have taken up all that cantle of the headlands, and really the road into St. Agnes is better than the coast, although it proceeds by lands seamed with old mining-works. There is a starkness about the scenery, with heaps of rubbish showing where the miners have turned the earth inside out and extracted everything worth having, that goes beyond mere petty ugliness and becomes monumental. And, passing Harmony Cot, where the painter Opie, whose real name was Hoppie, was born in 1761, and swinging round to the right for the long hills into the town, there are interesting glimpses into deep wooded combes, or up to other heights, where mines are still actively in work.

St. Agnes town, a very decayed town, dependent wholly upon the mining industry, is some distance from the sea, and sheltered from it by the kindly hill of St. Agnes Beacon. The original name of St. Agnes was Breanick. Locally

ST. AGNES

it is pronounced with the "g" omitted; and sounds something between "Anne's" and "Annie's." The church, which has been rebuilt, except its tower, possesses one of the few spires in Cornwall, which appear, excluding Truro Cathedral, to number only nine, including Cubert, Lostwithiel, Rame, St. Hilary, Sheviock, St. Enodoc, St. Anthony-in-Roseland, and St. Keverne.

All around are mines, and the mile-walk on to the harbour of St. Agnes, known as Trevaunance Porth, is through a mining-field that was until quite recently of exceptional desolation. But now, with the general revival of the industry, these deserted scenes are showing life again.

"Trevaunance" is said to mean "the home in the dingle," and it is in fact situated in a hollow between lofty hills. The little harbour is one of the greatest curiosities in Cornwall—a miniature haven constructed in a most hazardous situation at the foot of the cliffs, and overhung by the crazy old wooden staging and gear of apparatus for loading vessels from the heights. Off-shore are two great rocks curiously known as the "Man and his Man."

The history of the construction of this harbour at Trevaunance Porth is that of a long and heroic struggle against difficulties, rewarded only by commercial failure. The idea of building a harbour here dates from 1632, and attempts were made in 1684, 1699, 1710, and 1794. That last year saw it completed, but it has long been in a more or less derelict condition. The scene, look-

ing back inland from the beach, is in its way picturesque. There are the mines come again into work, and giving a certain grandeur to the place; the nobility of human endeavour. Wheal Friendly is now teeming with activity, and others are re-opening; and tanks and chutes, water-wheels, and other mysterious machinery connected with the getting of tin are seen to be doing inexplicable things with the aid of the discoloured stream that at last, exhausted with the hard work it has been made to do, escapes to the sands and finds oblivion in the sea.

I asked a sardonic person, who was loitering hereby, the names of the mines. He gave them, together with some pessimistic remarks on mining investments. "There's Wheal This, and Wheal That," said he, "but too many Wheal Do'ems."

St. Agnes Beacon rises to a height of 617 feet. Mines and ugly works sit and straddle and squatter about on its wild sides, and at a lower level St. Agnes Head pushes out seaward, a long mile's walk. Chapel Porth is the next inlet along the coast, and then Porth Towan, where a stream comes down from the hamlet of Blackwater, and where there are sands and holiday-makers, and by consequence, the usual mean, squalid little parasitic shanties that minister to their requirements, and fritter away in dirty domestic details the clean, wholesome breadth of sands, hillsides, and sea. Tobban Horse, a *col* of rock, which the adventurous may bestride if they will, comes next, and then Tobban Cove, Cayack Cove, and

THE HARBOUR, TREVAUNANCE PORTH.

Gooderne Hawne : to describe them individually would be like setting out to notice the minor peculiarities that distinguish a numerous family of brothers and sisters from one another.

There is also a very excellent road from St. Agnes, touching the heads of all the little valleys leading to these porths and coves. As it approaches Portreath, it runs through the delightful valley of Nanceluke, "the sheltered valley," with charming views towards Illogan and away to Carn Brea and Redruth. As I sat here admiring the view, a pretty girl of eighteen or so, with a complexion of June roses and cream, and an apron half full of potatoes, came through the field gate towards a farm on the opposite side of the road, and stopped talking, and I transferred my admiration to her ; not too obviously, I hope. She talked with all that beautiful west-country absence of self-consciousness, which is one of the charms of the rural places in Devon and Cornwall ; a perfectly natural manner that would, when exhibited in society, be remarked as the result of "good breeding" ; whatever precisely may be meant by that. I am afraid I contributed little of note to that conversation ; beauty makes me dumb.

An exceedingly steep road brings you down into Portreath, with unexpected hairpin corners, so that at one moment you are looking out to the clean sea, and then upon the smudgy sands, and then further inland upon the coaly centre of the place.

Portreath is an example of a naturally pretty place spoiled by commercial activities. A little bay, with good sands hemmed in by cliffs, lofty, darkling, and of striking features, has been converted into a harbour and made the port of Camborne and Redruth—those busy, twin mining towns, four miles inland. A railway, chiefly of the rough mineral-railway type, spills steeply into the place, on to the quays, and on the quays are great stacks of coal. Hence the copper-ore mined in Cornwall is chiefly shipped across Channel to the smelting furnaces of Swansea; and in return Portreath imports coal. A rivulet runs into the harbour, rust-red and turbid with the washings from the mines of the Carn Brea district; and, in one way and another, Portreath is busy and prosperous, and quite indifferent as to whether a mere ineffectual amateur of scenery approves or not.

Portreath still vividly remembers a wreck here in 1895, when the Glasgow steamship *Escurial* came ashore in a storm and was dashed to pieces on the sands, with the loss of eleven lives.

The best, and indeed only practicable way out of Portreath is by crossing the harbour and then proceeding for a while directly inland, up a long steep hill. (The way round up to the headland on the west side of the bay presently ends in a tangle on a lofty height, where a wilderness of furze and heather dauntingly confronts the hardy stranger, whose hardihood vanishes when he

TREVAUNANCE PORTH: WHEAL FRIENDLY MINE.

contemplates pushing through the uncharted, solitary waste.)

At the crest of the hill, amid seamed and scarred lands, heaped and hollowed with the workings of mines long abandoned, and commanding extensive views towards Redruth, where other mines, both at work and idle, crowd on the hills and in the valleys, the road to the coast leads to the right, and that to the left inland to Redruth and Camborne. Those closely linked towns are remarkable for being the centre of the Cornish mining industries which, although distributed over the whole of the Duchy, have their markets here, and have always exhibited activity, even in the worst periods of depression that have entirely silenced some other districts. Near Camborne is the best-known mine of all.

Dolcoath, "the old pit," is the oldest mine now in work in Cornwall—the origin of it lost in obscurity. It is one of the chief sources of wealth of the Basset family, of Tehidy, who have received from it, in mining royalties in the last hundred years, about £350,000, in addition to payments from other mines. Dolcoath was originally worked only for copper, and after an immemorial antiquity, was almost abandoned in or about 1840, owing to the copper being exhausted. Other counsels, however, prevailed, and the adventurers, or directors and shareholders, as we should now call them, courageously taking the advice of Captain Thomas, their then chief mining expert, determined that the tin he ex-

pected to find should be sought for. After an anxious time, the tin was found, and Dolcoath enjoyed another period of prosperity, only damped by the great fall in the price of tin some twenty-eight years later. It was at a time when the metal market was still depressed, that the lease of Dolcoath expired, and with the renewal of the lease for sixty years, from June 1895, entailing new business responsibilities and expenditure, it was decided to form Dolcoath into a new limited liability Company, with a capital of £350,000. Since that time about £736,000 worth of tin has been produced, but the half-yearly dividends, ranging from nothing to ten per cent., do not, upon the whole, come up to this brilliant mining result; the concern being possibly over-capitalised. The total value of copper and tin produced from Dolcoath during the last 116 years, is placed at about seven and a half millions sterling.

Dolcoath is situated on a hill near Camborne railway station, and its works cover a large acreage. It is not a place in which to spend a quiet day, for the stamps crushing the ore make a deafening noise, and in every way the scene is a busy one, Dolcoath employing about 800 persons above ground, in addition to the 600 at work below, in the levels and galleries that reach a total depth of 3,000 feet. Among those employed "at grass"—*i.e.* above ground—are a number of women and girls, whose work consists in raking and sorting the broken ore, and tending

the revolving mills, that further crush it and grind it up in running water.

Tin seen in these processes of extraction appears as a very undesirable-looking, slimy, grey semi-liquid ; and not until it has passed through a series of refining tanks, which by degrees wash the impurities away, does it wear a more inviting appearance. This process of washing, or "buddling" tin is essentially an ancient rule-of-thumb method, which originated probably before the times of the Phœnicians, in the observation that the metal particles were the heaviest among the fragments of earth and rock, sinking to the bottom in the process of washing, while the lighter constituents were carried off. More exact methods have been grafted upon the ancient ways, and mining is now more or less scientific, with a "Camborne School of Mines" to bring things up to date ; but all these manifestations are only developments of the wisdom of the ancients.

The tin resulting from all these processes, and of the subsequent roasting, or smelting, is but a very small percentage of the rock sent up from the pits. Of all the heavy stuff drilled and blasted, the proportion of ore may be five per cent. or under, and the metal finally resulting ranges from three to two per cent. It is not, at that rate, remarkable that tin sells at present for £146 a ton.

The exploration of a tin or copper mine requires some preparation. It is not usually a difficult matter to obtain access to Dolcoath, but one must

dress for the part of explorer. Armed with a letter of introduction to the Captain, imagine, then, the present writer coming to the office and interviewing the burly giant in charge of the Dolcoath destinies, a typical mine-captain, broad-shouldered, bushy-bearded, the hair of it seemingly the quality of wire, upper lip shaven.

"So you want to go down?" he asked, perhaps a thought patronisingly—or so it appeared.

"Yes; do strangers often go down?" you ask, feeling a little bold and venturesome, and forgetting for the moment that the thing you are about to do is done here every working-day of their lives, by six hundred men, who find nothing remarkable in it.

"Many go down? Yes, I should think so, and many ladies among them!" It sounded like a reproof.

"Come this way." "This way" led to a house with hot baths and odd oilskin garments hanging on the walls.

"Now," said the Captain, "this is the changing-room, and you've got to strip."

"Strip?"

"Yes—everything. Look!" and, suiting the action to the word, he flung off his clothes, drew on a thick pair of flannel drawers, put on a thick vest of the like, over his head, got into a pair of lined oilskin trousers, and put on a kind of canvas wool-lined coat; all with the rapidity that comes of constant practice. I followed suit, meekly and clumsily, and began to

regret the curiosity that had brought me to the deed.

"'Bliged to do it," said the Captain, "else you'd perhaps catch your death of cold, coming up to grass again; and your clothes would certainly be spoiled."

I thought, the way he put it, that undue value was being placed upon clothes, in the balance; but that is a detail.

"Now, your hat." He handed me a thing like a basin, of thick padded felt, and stuck a lump of wet clay in front of it. It weighed several pounds, and seemed to bear me to the earth. Then, assuming similar headgear, he led the way, first pausing to point to some photographs on the walls. "Some of the ladies who've been down." And there, sure enough, some slight, boyish-looking figures clad in these uncouth garments, were seen to be standing beside miners, who appeared gigantic is proportion. Their hands and a stray curl or two escaping from the heavy mushroom helmet-hats, betrayed them.

The Captain then led the way to the pit. Expectations are hardly realised here. By "pit," the uninitiate would presume a chasm; but all that meets the eye is a narrow mouth of blackness, into which disappears a wire cable, descending from the hoisting gear overhead.

"She's coming up now," says the Captain; "here's your candles," and he hands over a couple of green wax affairs, sticking one into the clay on his hat.

"She" then appears—a coffin-like box, rumbling quickly up out of the depths. Packed tightly into it are four miners, beaded with perspiration, their oilskins daubed with ochreous mud.

"That's what it's like down below," remarks the Captain.

The box suddenly comes to a standstill, and the men, swiftly unpacking themselves, and exchanging some unintelligible technical language with the Captain, go off. We then enter, and the box descends into the depths. Slimy walls of rock shoot by, and then darkness, as a reporter might say, "supervenes." The motion is easy, and you congraulate yourself on the simple experience it really is; but then comes a sudden change. The box tips backwards, and begins to travel with bumps and jolts. A horrible thought occurs that something has given way, and that you are being whirled to a horrible death.

"It's the underlie," shouts your companion.

It is a little difficult at first to comprehend this, so all you can say is "Oh!" not being quite sure what an underlie is, or whether it is or is not a desirable thing. An "underlie," it appears, is a new sloping direction taken by the shaft.

Here and there the "gig"—the name of the box in which one is travelling—passes weird figures standing in hollowed-out spaces. They are miners, with lighted candles, coming and fleeting past like the unsubstantial figures of a dream.

At last the "gig" stops; we are in one of the levels. The atmosphere has grown close and

moist. Narrow-gauge tramway-lines run along the uneven floor, which is full of puddles, into which you splash in the dim light cast by the candles; and now and again trolleys laden with ore are run past by perspiring men. The Captain has removed the candle from his hat, and you do likewise, on instruction, for the roof of the level is low, and however you stoop, a moment or two of forgetfulness brings your headgear into collision with it.

One or two violent concussions of this kind bring one of the reasons for the hard hat well forward. Another is that falls of rock from the roofs are not unknown. Holding the candle properly in your hand is one of the acquired arts, it would appear, of the miner, who by some magical means prevents the hot wax from dropping abundantly over his hands.

Presently we come to a kind of clearing, or large excavated space in the level. The roof of it soars up in blackness, amid which the candles in the hats of groups of miners twinkle at intervals like stars. The scene here is like some opening set in pantomime, with goblins at work in caves of mystery. A buzzing, tearing sound fills the space.

"Drilling with compressed air," explains the Captain. Other groups are working upon the rock in the old-fashioned way, with hand-drills. Presently the groups retire, and we with them, to a safe distance. A fuse has been fired. That is to say, a stick of dynamite, very closely re-

sembling a candle, has been placed in a drilled hole and plugged in, and a light applied. In another minute the roar of an explosion comes, like the slamming of some great door, round the corner, and the level is filled with the acrid smell of exploded dynamite. Approaching the scene, a mass of rock about the size of a large room, is found lying in fragments.

"Let you see what the place is like," says the Captain, taking what appears to be another candle, and lighting it. The thing blazes up in a weird glare and irradiates every corner of the cavern. Then it goes out, and a darkness that seems almost tangible results.

"D'you know what that was?" asks the Captain.

"What? That candle?"

"That candle," he rejoins, "was dynamite. Quite harmless when you burn it like that—or I wouldn't do it," he adds. "Like to go to another level? No? Very well, then, we'll go up-along."

As a matter of fact, it has become extremely hot; a moist, enervating heat, that almost prostrates a stranger to these latitudes. Presently we come to a sloping ladder-like construction that is seen to rise up by stages, with a continuous beam running up the middle of it; this beam moving up and down by regular twelve-foot strokes at intervals of about three or four seconds.

"The man-inyin," explains the Captain. "Would you like to go up by it?"

A hasty inspection of the "man-engine," for that is the name of it—the Cornish, finding some difficulty in pronouncing the "j"-sounding "g," generally say "inyin"—makes it quite evident that ascent by "gig" is certainly preferable. To climb up, or to descend, by aid of the "engine" is hazardous, as well as toilsome. The method of ascending is to take position on a little iron step attached to the moving beam, which is worked from the engine-house up at grass. With the upward stroke, one is carried twelve feet, through a square hole in a platform, called a "sollar." It is here necessary to step off smartly and with precision, for in the short, unvarying interval the beam plunges again irrevocably down, bringing down with it the next iron step, upon which the climber has to immediately take his place, so that he is carried up another twelve-foot stage by the succeeding up-stroke. The labour of thus stepping on or off considerably over two hundred times is heavy, and there is always the danger of missing a foothold, or of absent-mindedly projecting an arm, or even one's head just a little beyond the very small opening in the sollar through which one is shot. A certain death is the result of such carelessness. But many men, nervous of the wire-cable by which the "gig" or the "kip," is drawn up or let down, use the man-engine. Cables rarely break, but when they do, it is only by a miracle that those in the "gig" escape from being dashed to eternity. Thus a cable failed at Botallack in 1876, when nine men

met their deaths, and at Wheal Agar in 1883, when thirteen were killed.

Returning to grass is a welcome relief. The grey filterings of light that herald the approach to the surface are hailed with joy, and the sunshine of the upper world is precious indeed. It is very interesting down below, but exhausting; and a hot bath and the resumption of one's own clothes are fully needed before the effects of a little mild, personally conducted exploration down there are removed.

Not only tin and copper are found at Dolcoath, but the production of arsenic is also one of its paying branches. Arsenic, indeed, is found pretty freely in the mundic stone, a mineral long thought worthless, which generally accompanies tin and copper lodes. At most mines, therefore, arsenic could be commercially produced. Until some fifty years ago, this terrible mineral poison was in comparatively small demand, and the price of it was only in the neighbourhood of 25*s*. or 30*s*. a ton. In those times the quartz-like rock, the arsenical pyrites, mineral mispickel, or mundic—by whichever name you like to call it—from which, by a very simple treatment of crushing and roasting, arsenic is produced, was thrown away with the other "deads," or rock-rubbish, from the pits. Visitors often took specimens away, simply because of its pretty crystalline formation, but it was so common that it was regarded in Cornwall as rubbish, useful perhaps for mending roads, but useless for other purposes. It was the

"Colorado Beetle," not a world embarking upon murder by arsenical poisoning, that brought about a suddenly increased demand for arsenic, and the extensive manufacture of a sheep-dip has maintained it. "Paris Green" is made from arsenic, and it was that preparation that slew the dreaded Colorado Beetle. There are, nowadays, many other uses for arsenic, and the price has thus gone up to about £24 a ton; a figure at which it not only pays the mines to save and sort their rubbish, and to look over their old heaps, but also to prepare and separate the product, as an important branch of their business. The Devon Great Consols and other mines on the Devon and Cornwall border, near Calstock, were the first to devote attention to this industry. The first-named at one time had an output of 250 tons a month. Now Tincroft, Dolcoath, and East Pool, near Redruth, are large producers.

The arsenic is prepared by breaking up the rock into small fragments and then selecting the mundic, which is ground up in revolving mills and then burnt in "calciners," which may be old-fashioned brick ovens, or in mines where the latest machinery is employed are revolving cylinders. This process of burning results, in the first instance, in the emission of dense clouds of sulphuric acid gas, and secondly, in the deposit of a white powder; arsenic, which is scraped out of the calciners by men who are protected from the insidious arsenical dust by face-protectors.

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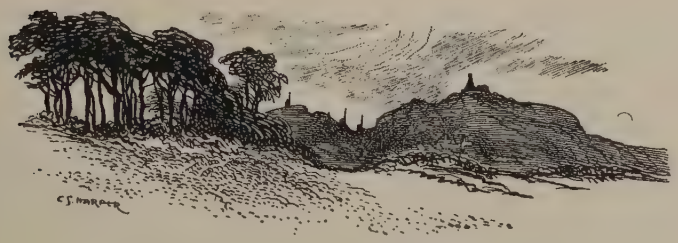
CHAPTER XI

TEHIDY—CARN BREA—GWITHIAN—GODREVY LIGHT-HOUSE—PHILLACK—HAYLE—LELANT—JOHN KNILL AND HIS MONUMENT

RETURNING to the fork of roads on the lofty hill-side out of Portreath, and resuming the coastwise road, we come now to as fine and as invigorating, without being actually rugged, a stretch of country as may well be found in Western Cornwall. It is a fairly lofty seaboard tableland, with an excellent road leading for a long way close to the cliffs, and running unfenced and without hedges through a lovely expanse of purple heather and golden gorse. Here and there the road almost touches the cliffs' edge. Scattered rocks lie at their feet, with the sea surging round them; the largest of them known as Samphire Island. Except for the cheerful singing of larks aloft, and the plaintive screaming of the sea-gulls, changed into a loud chattering when they pounce upon an unfortunate company of fish, the scene is quietude itself. Rarely is any one in sight, and yet, looking off to the left, from where the woods of Tehidy impinge upon the way, you see distinctly the clustered houses and the many mines of Cam-

borne and Carn Brea, about two and a half miles distant. Puffs of smoke and steam from the railway and from the chimneys of the mines alone disclose the seething activities of those places. Carn Brea itself looms majestically over the scene —that great boulder-strewn hill plentifully furnished with remains of prehistoric British beehive huts, stone pounds, and other traces of a vanished race, and with a mediæval castle tower curiously built upon enormous disconnected granite rocks,



CARN BREA, FROM TEHIDY.

or perched, rather than built, upon them. On the very apex of the hill, 740 feet above sea level, the lofty De Dunstanville column was built in 1836, in memory of a member of the Basset family of Tehidy, ennobled under that title; Francis Basset, born 1757, died 1835. He was Member of Parliament for Penryn, and an actively useful and patriotic man; creating coast-defences for Portreath, and a mineral tramway between that port and Devoran on the south coast. He was created a Baron in 1796, and assumed the full-flavoured title of de Dunstanville, which sounds

like an impossible peerage out of a penny novelette. It is not a territorial title—or at least, not an English one—but was chosen by him to seal the cousinship of the Bassets to the extinct Norman Lords de Dunstanville, of Castle Combe in Wiltshire, whose honours had died out four centuries earlier.

The woods and the cornfields of Tehidy, in the foreground of this scene, form a very striking and beautiful pastoral foil to the grimy industries yonder. There are, among many other evidences of the advanced civilisation over the valley at Camborne, electric tramways, which are scarcely curiosities in these times.

I know no more gorgeous cycle run in Cornwall than that to be obtained from this point to Gwithian, a distance of four miles across the heathery moors, with a fine switchback road winding around the humps and into the hollows of the hills, leaping over hunch-backed little bridges, and finally bringing up over the ridge of land that runs out on the right to Navax Point. Down across that transverse ridge the road drops to a little bridge and a stream that runs a rusty tomato-red. Bridge and stream, and road too in windy weather are just at this place often nearly smothered in blown sand. Here, by the parapet of the bridge, one must stop, not indeed by reason of the sand but because out yonder, about two hundred paces to the left, along the further bank of the stream, the ground is holy. There are many holy spots in

Cornwall, and I am free to confess that it is not so much the sanctity of their connection with the early Irish, Welsh, Breton, Cornish, or other Celtic saints that impresses me, as the practical immortality of tradition belonging to them. Where fact and fiction meet in the lives of those saintly persons, and which is fiction and which fact, no man may tell; but that some original foundation existed for these gradually accumulated

GWITHIAN.

stories must be conceded. Hence the peculiar interest surrounding St. Piran's oratory, and hence too that belonging to this similar spot, where the sands blow in every gale, and long ages since overwhelmed the little oratory of St. Gwithian.

This saint was Gothian, and the dedication of the parish church of Gwithian keeps that original form, although the place-name has become corrupted. Gothian was one of the early Irish saints,

brother of St. Breaca, who founded Breage. His period was the closing years of the fifth century, when colonising Irish, some of them saints in the making, others sinners in being, landed in Hayle Estuary in large numbers and established themin West Cornwall, at first greatly against the will of the then rulers of these parts. As they had not been invited, so the Cornish were at first disposed to resent these incursions, which, although made to appear purely missionary efforts, were no doubt to a great extent methods of what has been well named in modern times "peaceful penetration." We are not, in our own times, ignorant of troubles caused by missionaries, and are familiar with the fact that gunboats and "punitive expeditions" and suchlike things follow their activities.

At any rate, Tewdrig, or Theodoric, the chieftain who ruled over these parts, turned upon them and slew some of the more prominent of the missionaries who had come into his land. Gothian was numbered among these. He was martyred at Conetconia, a place which is represented to have afterwards become a town, with two churches, and to have been finally overwhelmed by sand. It is represented to-day by the hamlet of Conner, or Connerton, two miles inland. It would appear, by the fact that Gothian had time sufficient to build an oratory, that he and the other martyrs were not at once attacked.

They are poor, scanty, and almost formless remains, but they are probably of Gothian's

own original building, and are thus portions of the earliest Christian church known in England, older than St. Martin's, Canterbury, which was founded by Augustine, A.D. 596, on the re-conversion of England to Christianity, and is generally considered to be entitled to that honour.

The sand, that for many centuries had blown inland, had in all that while completely buried St. Gothian's oratory, or "Gwithian old church," as it is called; but tradition told of its existing somewhere near. And then, in 1828, a more than usually violent storm displaced some of the sand and the low rough walls, roofless and ruined, were exposed. Antiquaries measured the building, and found its dimensions to be 48 feet in length, by about 14 feet broad. The position of the altar, and a stone seat running round the chancel, were quite distinct. Excavation revealed some skeletons.

A few years later a roof was placed over the remains and the building was used as a shed. To-day, owing to wanton damage, only one angle of the building is visible, and that consists solely of a few courses of unmortared masonry. The sands were kinder than the relic-hunters or merely mischievous people who wrought thus hardly with the ancient shrine.

Once a year the vicar of Gwithian holds service on the spot, but not the least care is taken of it.

Navax Point stretches out far into the sea from the desolate shore by the oratory, and the rusty red river flows on to an empty beach, being

ingeniously dammed here and there, and made to deposit some small tribute of tin. There is a lighthouse on Godrevy Island, off Navax Point, established in 1858, to warn mariners off the rocks known as "The Stones." Although so near the mainland, the island has an effect of loneliness, hardly matched even by the solitary sentinels between Land's End and Scilly. It is perhaps because of the paradox that the place

GODREVY LIGHTHOUSE.

looks so near and every detail of it is seen from the mainland, while yet an angry sea is set between.

Gwithian church has been rebuilt, except its tower, and, with the small village, is uninteresting, while the coast and the road alike in leaving Gwithian grow exceedingly depressing. The coast creates a sinking at heart, caused by the great loneliness and desolation of drifted sand, which for uncounted centuries has been blown inshore by the prevailing north-westerly winds, and

that of the road is the uglification and squalor caused by the industrial conditions of the little town and port of Hayle. Immediately on leaving Gwithian the hideous sulphuric acid and dynamite works come into view. Beyond them, on the right, rise the sand towans, and on the left is a stretch of poor, sour land. The towans, or hills of sand, lying between the road and the sea are sparsely grown with grass. They are remarkable and forbidding, rising, as they stretch westward, higher, and ridged fantastically into peaks. Where the Copperhouse entrance to Hayle begins, a creek of the Hayle river is seen, with a bridge spanning it, leading to the village of Phillack, situated by the waterside and on a rising strip of land that by odd, inexplicable chance has never, in all the long centuries of the sandy invasion, been overwhelmed. The towans, ages ago, surmounted the ridge and piled themselves high upon it, but they have never desolated the church and village of Phillack. The place is considered to owe its name, in common with so very many others in Cornwall, to the saint to whom the church is dedicated, but of St. Felicitas, martyred in A.D. 150, with her seven sons, Cornwall knows nothing. They met their fate in Rome. The real patroness of Phillack is St. Fiala, one of the numerous Irish who came across in the fifth and sixth centuries, with successive swarms of their countrymen. Among them was the woman whom the Irish knew as Kiera, the "Fiala" or "Phiala," whose name

is the original of "Phillack." She suffered martyrdom, with Gothian and others, before the Cornish became reconciled to the newcomers.

The body of the church was rebuilt in 1855, and so is absolutely without interest; but a very curious discovery was then made, in pulling down the east wall. A small cavity was discovered under the chancel window, and in it was a phial of iridescent glass, one-third filled with what

PHILLACK.

was thought to be the blood of the saint. It was replaced on rebuilding.

Hayle, to which we now come, is an exceedingly ill-favoured place, with no redeeming features It owes its existence and its name alike to the river, or the estuary of the sea; a little stream running down at this point into the salt creek. "Hayle" means in Cornish a creek or river. In the West of England there has always been a certain inability to distinguish between a river and a creek. Here, where the inlet becomes navigable, the town of Hayle sprang up. It

originated in a copper smeltery, which gave it the original name of "Copperhouse," but that ore is now wholly smelted at Swansea. Great iron-works then sprang up here, and finally came the railway, running through on a long viaduct. Hayle is a sad shock to the explorer of these coasts. It is a squalid, grimy interlude, with clouds of road-dust and coal-dust along its streets and quays, and shops that are, or at any rate look, poverty-stricken. And to fill in the picture of a certain Cockney-like vulgarity, you see and hear fish-hawkers, with carts and barrows, bawling alliteratively, "fine fresh fish," or, descending to particulars, crying "mack'rel," "pilchurrs," or "pollock." These are the "jowsters," as they are named locally, who buy fish as landed at St. Ives, and retail it in this manner in the surrounding towns and villages. No one would expect to find anything of interest at Hayle; but this place of no attractions possesses a Romano-British inscribed stone as interesting as any in Cornwall: perhaps even more interesting than others, for the reason that it has the longest inscription, save one, in Cornwall. The stone, on the bank of the Carnsew earthworks, is now within the limits of the local public park. The inscription runs:

HIC CENVI REQVIEVIT CV NAT D° HIC
TVMVLO IACIT VIXIT ANNOS XXXIII

This is rendered, "Here Cenvi rests, who was born in (the year) 500. In this tomb he lies. He lived 33 years." Cenvi, who lies here beside

Hayle water, may have known King Arthur, may even have fought for him. It is strange and a little awesome, to stand and read his epitaph, incised thus ruggedly nearly fourteen centuries ago, and to reflect how, although little survives of the story of those twilight times, when a civilisation was being overthrown, these rude letters still tell their own plain and simple tale.

There is a sandy bar across the mouth of Hayle River, and a ferry below Lelant, on the western shore. Down at the outlet to the sea a world of sand stretches, the church of St. Uny, Lelant, overlooking it in a hummocky solitude, wherein one struggles up and down and back and forth without much sense of direction, the rise of one sandy ridge commanding only a succession of others; the surface yielding in one place, and firm with a scanty growth of bents and marram-grass in the next. Two lights mark the entrance to Hayle channel, and rows of stakes and iron posts stand at the edge of the shallows, to guide the mariner's way. But cheerfulness seems, to this observer at any rate, to reign on the hither side, instead of the boding and desolate aspect of the Phillack shore. Vigorous patches of golden gorse have here and there established themselves, larks shrill a resourceful song in the sky, and reed-warblers whistle in the swampy hollows, where strange growths are found. Here under the lee of a bank, is the hut of a tin-streamer, a solitary save-all, scratching together a livelihood from the washings of distant mines.

Lelant church is dedicated to St. Uny, brother of St. Ia, and St. Herygth, who all came over from Ireland in the fifth century, and by methods more or less miraculous. Lelant ("Lē-lant" is

APPROACH TO LELANT

the proper pronunciation) was originally "Lannant," the church in the valley. The suitability of the name is not obvious until one has climbed Lelant downs, near by, crested by Knill's

monument. Lelant, according to a vague ancient tradition, was at one time a seaport town, and opposite was the castle of Revyer, River, or Riviere: all overwhelmed by sand. In that castle, continues the legend, dwelt in the fifth century Theodoric, the Cornish kinglet, who slew Fiala, and St. Ia and her saintly brothers.

The church of Lelant is a large, dignified building, standing apart from the village and the main road to St. Ives; its size and position lending some support to the legendary tale of the vanished seaport. But that town must at any rate have disappeared many centuries before the existing church was built, on the site of an earlier. It is now a Perpendicular structure of about 1430, equipped with full complement of nave and aisles and tower. A few fragments of a former Norman and Early English church remain, in the nave arcade. The characteristic west-country wreathed capitals of the pillars are exceptionally fine. A curious dial-marker on a sundial of the eighteenth century, fixed on the porch, represents a crowned skeleton, Death, the King of Terrors, aiming a dart. It is not only curious as a piece of craftsmanship, but as typical of eighteenth-century paganism and materialistic thought. It saddens the beholder, and, teaching as it does that death is the end of all things, is singularly unfitting for a Christian church.

The monuments within Lelant church are of true Cornish grotesqueness; notably the seventeenth-century slate slab to Stephen Pawley, his

wife, and twelve children: all represented with goggling eyes, like golliwoggs. The slab to William Praed, 1620, and wife and four children, has the Christian name neatly inscribed in a label over each quaint little figure.

There are golf-links now on the towans at Lelant, and they do not improve the place. Perhaps the most charming "bit" in the parish to an artist is the delightful hollow on the high-road as you proceed from Hayle to St. Ives, where a few cottages and a curiously picturesque Wesleyan chapel, built in 1834, stand overhung with trees. The road, for the most part, into St. Ives, now wears a terribly suburban look: it is the inevitable result of the favour into which this lovely coast has come: and here you perceive the evidences of it, in villas, wayside inns rebuilt in the London suburban style, golfers, caddies, tradesmen's carts, and a road tarred in order to save every one from being choked with motor-dust. For the motorists have discovered St. Ives, I assure you. The pedestrian's remedy for this is, however, easy. He proceeds along the low cliffs or by the golden sands of the glorious St. Ives Bay, passing first of all by Carbis Bay and then, round a headland, to Porthminster Beach and St. Ives town. Carbis Bay is a favourite picnic place, and tea-rooms and gardens are in plenty, but the exquisitely curving shore, with the finest sands in Cornwall and the sea a wonderful peacock-blue, are not easily spoiled by much popularity. At Carbis Bay, too, Knill's

monument is reached by turning into the high road near the railway station and, crossing it, ascending by a long steep pathway to the summit of a lofty hill.

John Knill was not a native of St. Ives. He was born at Callington in 1733, and began life as clerk to a Penzance attorney, and thence went to London. In 1762, when twenty-nine years of age, he returned to Cornwall to fill an appointment as collector of customs at St. Ives, a post he filled for twenty years. During that time he became the most important person in the town, and was mayor in 1767, and owner or part owner of some privateers, ostensibly licensed for the purpose of harrying the merchantmen of the French, with whom we were in those times almost incessantly at war. It was generally suspected, however, that this patriotic collector of customs, officially the sworn enemy of smugglers, had really equipped his vessels for the smuggling trade. In 1782, the year of his resigning his position, and on the eve of retiring to London, he built the locally famous "monument" here, on Worral Hill, as a mausoleum, intending that his body should be laid in it on his death. He is said also to have intended it to be a landmark for sailors making St. Ives. He purchased the land occupied by it for the moderate sum of five guineas, from Lord Arundell of Wardour, the then owner of the property and of Tregenna Castle, below. A rent of sixpence a year is paid to the owner of Tregenna for wayleave to the hilltop.

Knill was not, after all, buried on his eyrie overlooking St. Ives Bay. He is supposed to have changed his mind on the subject. He lived for many years in London, and died in 1811, aged seventy-seven, and his body rests in the vaults of St. Andrew's, Holborn, hard by the chambers in Gray's Inn Square, where he died.

John Knill's monument, if indeed requiring

KNILL'S MONUMENT.

some effort to reach it, is no obscure thing, standing as it does upon the summit of the down, 540 feet above the sea, where the winds blow great guns in winter and are rarely still, even in summer. It is visible for miles away; but the lane near at hand, leading to that airy height, is a shy, narrow way, strewn with great stones, and channelled deeply by the winter's rains. It is a toilsome climb, past gorsy and heathery

expanses, and finally to an enclosure in which is seen the obelisk itself. The land is part of the Tregenna Castle estate, now the property of the Great Western Railway, and the Company has a threatening notice, promising severe things to those who injure the shrubs: the said shrubs being, almost without exception, already in a wilted, moribund condition, practically incapable of further injury.

The obelisk is a substantial work of granite, which cost £226 1*s.* 6*d.* to build. It is a three-sided structure, based upon a large plinth containing the chamber intended for the mausoleum, and on its three sides are inscriptions: respectively "Johannes Knill, 1782"; "Resurgam"; and "Nil Desperandum," used as a motto under the heraldic device of a golden lion rampant on a red field, surrounded by seven cross-crosslets. The pun is obvious, and paradoxical. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1853, in the course of an account of Knill and his mausoleum, gives punning inscriptions which never had any existence, except in the imagination of the writer. This account tells us that on one side is "Hic jacet nil," and that it was originally intended, when Knill was buried here, to add a "K" at the beginning of the last word, and another "l" at the end. On the other side was "Ex nihilo nil fit," to be filled up in like manner. Knill had a certain amount of mental agility, no doubt, but he did not rise to such heights as these.

Although this eccentric lies far away, the

odd provisions of his will are yet strictly observed. He settled upon the mayor and burgesses of St. Ives, for ever, an annuity of £10, charged upon the rental of a freehold farm at Mawgan; to be annually placed in a chest and only withdrawn at the close of every five years. The £50 thus accumulated he directed to be expended in a variety of ways. In the first instance, a

ARMS OF KNILL.

dinner was to be provided for the mayor of St. Ives for the time being, and the vicar, and collector of customs, who might each invite two friends to the feast. Secondly, he directed that £5 should be equally divided between ten girls, natives of St. Ives, under the age of ten, who were on July 25th, the day of St. James the Apostle, to proceed to the mausoleum, between the hours of 10 and 12 a.m., dressed in white,

and there to dance and sing round it for a quarter of an hour at least, to the tune of a fiddle played by a fiddler who was to be paid £1 for his services. The song is as follows :

Shun the bustle of the bay,
Hasten virgins, come away ;
Hasten to the mountain's brow,
Leave, O leave, St. Ives below.
Haste to breathe a purer air,
Virgins fair, and pure as fair.
Fly St. Ives and all her treasures,
Fly her soft voluptuous pleasures ;
Fly her sons and all their wiles,
Blushing in their wanton smiles ;
Fly the splendid midnight halls ;
Fly the revels of her balls :
Fly, O fly the chosen seat,
Where vanity and fashion meet,
Hither hasten from the ring,
Round the tomb in chorus sing,
And on the mountain, aptly dight,
As we should be, all in white,
Pure to sight as driven snow,
Leave troubles and our cares below.

Two widows of the borough of St. Ives, of sixty-four years of age, or upwards, were to attend, each to receive £1 ; a further £1 to be laid out in purchasing breast-knots for the widows and the girls, and a cockade for the fiddler. At the conclusion of the dancing the girls were to sing the Old Hundredth Psalm.

A sum was to be reserved for the purpose of keeping the mausoleum in repair ; and £5 to be paid to a man and wife, widower or widow, sixty

years of age or upwards, the man being an inhabitant of St. Ives, who shall have bred up to the age of ten years and upwards the greatest number of legitimate children without parochial assistance. Furthermore, periodically, sums were to be allotted to friendly societies, £5 to the best female knitter of fishing-nets; £5 to the best female curer and packer of pilchards for exportation; £5 to the two fisher-boys who shall have conducted themselves best during the preceding fishing season; all, of course, of St. Ives.

The latest occasion of "Knill's Day," up to this time of writing, was 1906. The event has always attracted numbers of people, and they now come, owing to easy methods of travelling, in vastly increased crowds.

It should perhaps be added that the song given above is altogether misleading as to the character of St. Ives. It was never like that. The splendid and profligate character of the place, gorgeously Sardanapalian, pictured in those lines, had no existence at any time. Babylonian revels are unknown, and as for "midnight halls," the stranger might seek in vain. But it may well be supposed that he will not be so foolish as to seek.

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CHAPTER XII

ST. IVES

The everyday cheerful domesticities of detached (and some semi-detached) villas, with dashing butchers' carts and yowling milkmen at their gates at the properly discreet hours, and of callers at other hours, conduct into St. Ives, and give the lie, as politely but also as flatly as possible, to the Oriental splendours of wickedness dimly set forth above. Suburbs do not sin—openly; and now all England is becoming suburban and discreet, and even the artistic colony at St. Ives is moral—of the immoralities of the amateurs' colouring and drawing we need say nothing—and St. Ives is a great camping-ground for the artistic. You come into the town, if by road instead of Porthminster sands, down a steepening and narrowing highway, past Tregenna Castle, that castellated granite residence of a hundred and fifty years ago, now converted into a Great Western Railway hotel. Tregenna, whose name means "the dwelling at the mouth, or entrance," stands in its own lovely grounds, through whose wooded glades you glance back along the coast to Godrevy lighthouse, a dazzlingly

ST. IVES.

white object, set on a grey rock in a turquoise sea.

St. Ives owes its name to St. Ia, who is variously named Hia, and Ewe. She was the daughter of an Irish chieftain, and sister of St. Uny, and of St. Heryghth, after whom the village of St. Erth (still pronounced "Eerth") is named. She landed at Pendinas—the original name of what is now St. Ives town—about A.D. 460. A long course of reading in the lives and acts of the saints finds us unmoved with wonder when we learn that she sailed across the Channel on a leaf. Other saints did much more wonderful things than that, as we have already seen. The Cornish chief of Pendinas permitted St. Ia to build a chapel here; but the existing great fifteenth-century church is dedicated to St. Andrew, and the town itself continued to be styled "Pendinas" until the sixteenth century, when Camden referred to it by that name. Leland, however, calls it "St. Iës."

The other town of St. Ives, far away in Huntingdonshire, has only an accidental appearance of kinship with this: the saint in that case being one Ivo, traditionally an eighth-century Persian bishop, who came on a mission to England.

St. Ives is the principal fishing-town in Cornwall, and at such times when its fleet is at home, and the sturdy luggers drawn up in closely packed ranks on the sands under the railway station, the sight is astonishing. Often the vessels are away for weeks together, going so far as the

south coast of Ireland for herring and mackerel. But pilchards are the chief harvest of the sea in Cornwall. They are to these shores what herrings are to Yarmouth, coals to Newcastle,

CROSS, ST. IVES CHURCH.

or cotton to Manchester, and a good season or a bad means plenty or poverty to St. Ives and other ports. The pilchard is a fish of peculiar and unforeseen moods. Formerly the "schools"

or shoals came in August and September, but now, for some unexplained reason, they are not

HICKS'S COURT, ST IVES.

to be expected until October. Thus the summer visitors see little of the real activities of St. Ives.

The pilchard-fishery is more or less an off-shore affair, the fish often, impelled by some extraordinary fatal instinct, choking the sands for a mile or so by their suicidal rush into the bay. Equally mysterious is the uncertain alternation of good seasons and bad. There will be times when millions of pilchards come to the coasts, and others when the huers—that is to say, the look-out men stationed on the cliffs—fail to sight any. The most remarkable catch was a one-day take in 1846, when seventy-five million pilchards were secured. They filled 30,000 hogsheads which at £2 per hogshead, brought £60,000 into St. Ives. When a fisherman talks of that phenomenal day, it is with a wistful, far-off look and in awed tones, for the like of it has never since been known. Ten and twenty millions have been taken, but the season is short and the intervals between such catches long. So the fishery, like the mining industry, has all the uncertainties of a gamble; and when the huers have sighted a shoal, and signal the approach of it with the cry of "heva, heva!" the excitement is equal to that of a gaming saloon, and a great deal more demonstrative. The seine-boats are launched, and the tuck-boats follow, with amazing rapidity, directed in the way they should go by the signals of the huer on the hill. And then the seine-net is shot round the shoal and the capture brought close in; the big seine being emptied into tuck-baskets and loaded into boats, which are rowed to shore laden almost to the gunwale. All St. Ives is

THE "SLOOP" INN, ST. IVES.

out to witness the landing. Children glean stray pilchards by the hundred, and the ruling price may be anything from five to twelve a penny. It is obvious that only a small proportion of these enormous takes can be consumed locally, and indeed the chief value of the pilchard to the Cornish is the demand from Italy. The Mediterranean has the sardine, a similar, but smaller and more delicate fish, and the Cornish seas alone produce the pilchard. Italy sells us canned sardines, and Cornwall exports pilchards to Italy in enormous quantities, pressed and packed into hogsheads. It is not at all unlikely that the smaller of these pilchards come back to us as "sardines." That pilchards imported into Italy should have to pay duty is a grievance to Cornish fishermen, and discloses one of the disadvantages of our own system of "free trade," by which the foreigner can tax our goods and we can make no effective reply. And yet Cornwall remains Radical and opposed to tariff reform!

There is, of course, generally fine miscellaneous fishing here, for conger, hake, and other fish common in these waters, and the gulls that haunt St. Ives in great numbers do extremely well; although, for that matter, no one has ever known the extraordinary hunger of seagulls to be satisfied. The fishermen are usually very tender to the gulls, who know their immunity from attack perfectly well. And what a silent place St. Ives would be without the daily laugh of those beautiful birds; the almost human

chuckle, with a note of wickedness in it, "Aha! aha!" changed, when the weather lowers, to a melancholy piping, or when the fish are brought in to a deafening, screaming chatter, and fierce struggles among one another for share in the spoil.

The fisherfolk of St. Ives are not handsomely treated by folklore, which brackets them with the "wise men"—that is to say the fools—of Gotham, for stupidity. They are credited with such preposterous doings as whipping a hake through their town, to warn its hungry brethren off the pilchards; and were supposed to have sent out boats to pick up floating millstones, and to have shot their seine-nets to haul in a flock of sheep, blown by a gale into St. Ives Bay. According to further legends the inhabitants of Towednack (Twennick" in local speech) were the idiots who built the wall (or planted a hedge) round the cuckoo, to imprison him, and so retard the coming spring. The cuckoo flew away, just skimming the top of the hedge in his flight.

"What a pity!" exclaimed the Towednackians, "ef us'd made the hedge a lill' higher, we shud a' kip 'un in."

I do not see eye to eye with those guidebooks which talk of the beauty of St. Ives as seen from the bay, and speak of the stranger's admiration being modified when he enters the town. Nor do I agree with the proposition that the town has of late years been improved. That St. Ives is found to be really beautiful is sufficiently evident not only from its favour with the artists who

BARNOOR HILL, ST. IVES.

live and paint here, but from the delight with which the average stranger is taken. Twenty years ago, it was even better, for there were then few "residents" and fewer who wintered here for sake of the fine climate, and St. Ives had then hardly begun to remodel itself for their benefit. Even yet it has, fortunately, not become a parasite town, and lives its own life, quite apart from the genteel villas on the hillsides. As for the painters, they fit in and mingle with St. Ives, without in the least spoiling its character, and indeed, if that character be at all in danger of eclipse, it is to the artists we must and can look, to defend it.

The delightful old town lies well sheltered, by the promontory called wrongly "the Island," from the south-westerly gales. Smeaton's old stone pier, with its squatty little lighthouse at the pierhead, juts out a short distance, and a little way along the sandy shore rises the bold mass of the old church, the churchyard walls washed by every tide. Streets of the narrowest wind round to the configuration of the bay, and off them branch the oddest, most unexpected of courts and alleys, with studios in lofts and in other whimsical situations. And the names of St. Ives' courts and alleys fully fit their odd and unconventional appearance. "Academy Place" is for St. Ives a commonplace name; but "Salubrious Place," "Court Cocking," and "Bunker's Hill" are remarkable, even here, while "Chy-an-Chy" is regarded as rather a curiosity, even by the towns-

folk. "Chy-an-Chy" means literally "house-by-house," and possibly was a primitive street in remote times, when houses at St. Ives were widely scattered.

There is still an old note of cosy and cheery

A STREET IN ST. IVES.

self-sufficiency in St. Ives, handed down from those old times when Francis Basset gave his silver loving-cup to the town, and when John Knill left his remarkable bequests. What says the charming inscription on that loving-cup?

> If any discord 'twixt my friends arise
> Within the borough of beloved St. Ives,

It is desyred that this my cup of love
To everie one a peacemaker may prove ;
Then I am blest to have given a legacie
So like my harte unto posteritie.

FRANCIS BASSET, 1640.

There are two kinds of sea at St. Ives, the calm blue waters of the harbour and the bay, and the rough, angry, and not so blue waters on the western side of the Island. Thus, in dramatic spectacular fashion, does that miscalled headland justify the character it owns for sheltering the town and port. I declare, you may have a house up there, towards that exposed part, and be in two climates by the simple expedient of looking from its western or its eastern windows. Do you wish to bask in still airs, then look east ; do you long for the bracing breeze and the salt sea spray, then your western windows will afford you all you need. Happy the artists up here, whose studios give them such variety.

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CHAPTER XIII

THE ST. IVES CONSOLS—RADIUM—ZENNOR QUOIT —ZENNOR—GURNARD'S HEAD—PREHISTORIC CORNWALL

TAKING the road out of St. Ives for Zennor and the Land's End, the traveller finds himself breasting a long and steep street, extremely narrow for the most part, and apt to be stuffy and enervating until its upper reaches are gained. A boy, not really poor, sitting lazily on a stone in the sunshine, waiting for passing strangers, asked me, as I went by, perspiring, for a copper. I told him to go to Hayle (where the copper-works are, or used to be) and passed on, angry.

Soon, the evidences of mines old and new came in sight on either hand: giant refuse-heaps turned out of the shafts of the great St. Ives Consols mines during long years of prosperous working, but with never a scrap of vegetation on them. In their flush times the St. Ives Consols were among the richest pits in Cornwall, but so far back as twenty-five years ago they were silent and deserted, and Stennack (the name of this suburb) was woebegone in the extreme. To-day the first chapter of a newer story is opening, for,

with the strong demand now arising for that newly discovered and mysterious substance, radium, the St. Ives Consols have entered upon a new lease of life ; and where the old ruined engine-houses and count-houses stood there has arisen at the Trenwith Mine, an up-to-date maze of buildings, hoisting-gear, and sheds. For it seems that pitchblende, the rock in which uranium and radium are found, is plentiful in Trenwith.

A new field of activity and prosperity, a field of operations as yet only dimly perceived and unexplored, thus appears to be opening in Cornwall. The history of radium is a very short one, and the remotest scientific experiments that preceded its discovery do not go back to a more remote date than 1889, when certain substances, after exposure to light, were observed to be capable of throwing off radiations. Following upon this, Röntgen in 1895 discovered the since then famous so-called "X rays" (from X, the algebraic unknown quantity), which are rays invisible to the human eye, produced by an electric discharge in a high vacuum, and possessing the marvellous property, among others, of penetrating substances opaque to light, and of thus permitting photographs to be taken through wood and metals, and incidentally rendering the proverbial impossibility of "seeing through a brick wall" in some degree out of date.

Scientific researches, undertaken with the object of discovering if these dark rays were given off under other conditions, resulted in the dis-

covery that zinc sulphide, already known to be temporarily phosphorescent on exposure to light, also gave off invisible rays, which penetrated ordinarily opaque bodies and affected photographic plates on the other side. The next step was the discovery that uranium salts, without the preliminary of exposure to sunlight, both phosphoresced and emitted rays of the "X" nature. Examination of uranium elicited the fact that it was not uranium itself, nor the salts of it, that produced these phenomena of radio-activity, "but the existence in them of some impurity." This fact, observed by Sir William Crookes, was carried much further by Professor and Madame Curie in Paris, who eventually, in 1903, after great labour and exhaustive experiments, extracted from many tons of waste uranium ore, from which the uranium had already been taken, an infinitesimal quantity of the "impurity" already noted in uranium salts. This was the first radium (in chemistry strictly known as "radium salts") ever produced.

From eight tons of exhausted uranium ore only fifteen grains of the new substance was extracted, and although the somewhat higher ratio of four grains from one ton has since been attained, the difficulties and expenses of production still render radium the most costly thing in the world. To put it in more popular figures, a ton of refuse yields only about 120th part of one ounce, and the commercial value of radium, of which only a small quantity has yet been

extracted, is three thousand times that of gold, roughly £12,000 an ounce. The appearance of this extremely precious substance is quite commonplace, resembling ordinary table salt, but giving forth a faint glow, only noticeable in the dark, like the phosphorescence of decaying fish, or the light of a glow-worm.

The behaviour of radium has excited world-wide interest and speculation, and has upset most of the established laws governing matter. It produces heat without combustion, spontaneously creates electricity and throws off millions of infinitely small sparks, atoms, or radiations, either without wasting in the least degree, as some say, or so insensibly as not to be measurable. These emanations, subjected to extreme cold, produce helium, a heavy gas of which chemists think the sun is made. As in the case of the "X rays," radium has been pressed into the service of surgery and medicine, for the cure or alleviation of cancer, lupus, and skin diseases, in which its milder rays are made serviceable; but most readers of current literature are familiar with the devastating results of handling it without due precautions being taken: those who did so without yet having ascertained its deadly nature lying now the mutilated martyrs of science. Radium burns produce painful sloughing sores, often incurable, and gradually spreading until joint after joint, and then limbs, have to be amputated. It would seem, therefore, that science might almost be said to have unloosed a devil

upon the earth, were it not that its dangerous properties appear now to be realised and guarded against. For many years we have been familiar with the expression, "electricity is life," and we know well enough that it may also be death. The same may now be said of radium, but in its attenuated and dispersed forms it is curative, and the healing waters of Bath, of Buxton, and other places have since its discovery been found to possess "radio-active" properties.

The pitchblende rights of the Trenwith mine belong to the British Radium Corporation, which, as most of its shares belong to the St. Ives Consols, is practically the Consols company. Radium is now being extracted here, and, the springs in the levels being found to possess very marked "radio-active" qualities, it is proposed to establish a spa and health-resort near by.

The last western district of Cornwall opens out in stern and lonely grandeur as the hilly road beyond St. Ives Consols reaches the summit of this long rise. This is Penwith, a land where the strivings of centuries towards cultivation have left but little impress upon the stony waste. The gaunt ribs of nature are too thinly covered for the husbandman to find much profit in his labour. Here and there, in some sheltered hollow, in which there may be some little soil spread over the granite, are a few farms; but the crested hills, each with its cairn of fantastically piled rocks, hold only one kind of wealth: minerals. Here are mines, abandoned but on the eve of re-

opening; among them Great Rosewall on the hill-side to the left; and on the way to Pendeen, where the earth has been excavated for miles, are more, but I do not believe this mining-field has ever yet been fully exploited. The road—a splendid highway for cycling and motoring, all the way to St. Just—winds round the northern side of Trevalgan Hill, and then, amid a profusion of grey, lichened boulders and flaming gorse and heather, makes for Zennor. But before hurrying on to that village, let us seek Zennor Quoit.

Zennor Quoit, or Cromlech, lies not quite half a mile to the left of the road, amid the furzy and heathery boulder-strewn wastes that stretch for miles southward. To find it, you turn out of the high road opposite a country residence, with conservatories, that nestles under a pile of rocks on the right hand, and ascend a track amid heather and bracken, strewn with giant boulders; bearing to the right of a ruined building (part of a mining engine-house). The Quoit is then seen on the sky-line.

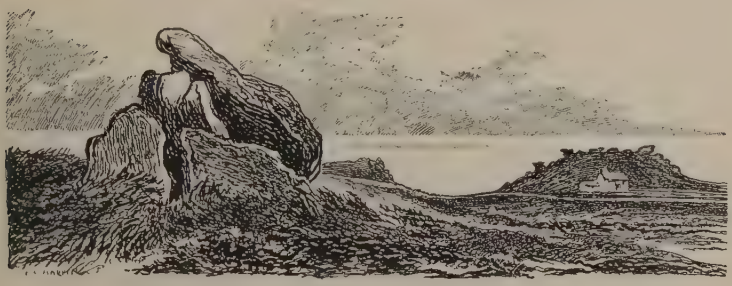
The Cromlech is the largest, not only in the district, but in the kingdom. Unfortunately, the "quoit," that is to say, the great covering slab of granite, long ago lost the support of the seven granite posts which held it up like a table, and has slid down. It measures 18 ft. by 9 ft. 6 in., and must weigh many tons. By what means the prehistoric people who raised this great tomb to their chief managed to lift it cannot be conjectured. The covering slab was in its place in

the eighteenth century, when the earth that had been heaped over the entire monument still almost wholly covered it.

Amid the wild growths on this exposed heath riots the plant called by the country folk after the various unpleasant names, "Devil's saffron," "Devil's guts," and "Hellweed." It is true that there are two pretty names for it, but they are not often used. These are "Lady's laces" and "Brides' laces." The plant made to masquerade under so many names is the dodder (which is perhaps almost as unpleasing a name as any of the others), a leafless parasite, whose botanical name is *cuscuta*. It is of a vigorous growth, of tough elastic pink threads, and under conditions favourable to itself is capable of strangling the life out of plants of apparently more robust type; hence the ill-names conferred upon it.

The sea shines out yonder with that peculiar mirror-like effect seen only in Cornwall. Against those mysterious empty leagues of luminous water the hills and clefts where the heath alternately heaves and sinks to the cliff's-edge show darkly. Gigantic boulders are everywhere, scattered in the wildest confusion. Looking seaward from the Quoit, a hill silhouetted against sea and sky is heaped with them; fantastically shaped rocks in the likeness of anvils, giant loathly toads the size of houses, and things of vaguely inimical outline. The untamed wilderness would frighten a child, and it impresses even a modern man, accustomed to reducing everything

to commonplace; how greatly then must it have influenced those untutored people who, before the historic period, buried their chiefs in the wild. When knowledge had only begun, when the sequence of the seasons was thought to be at the mercy of easily offended spirits, and when it was considered a quite likely thing that the sun, whose warmth had gradually died away with the coming of winter, might never return in his



ZENNOR QUOIT.

old heat and strength, unless the proper magical means were found to bring him back, then the wild heaths of West Cornwall must have been the scenes of strange rites. We who know that beyond the lane of glittering light cast by the setting sun on the water out yonder lies America, thousands of miles away, are still impressed with a sense of loneliness as we look upon it. That is because we are descended from those people of an immense past and have still, somewhere within our modern mental equipment, a sense of the awe and wonder which possessed their souls

and led them, with some hidden symbolism, to place the tombs of their great men, here and at Chûn within sight of the great mysterious water, across whose emptiness their spirits had voyaged into the Unknown.

Half a century ago, when Robert Hunt was collecting information for his work on Cornish folk-lore, a well-known character of Zennor, Stevens, the local postman-poet, told him how when new to Zennor, and first noticing the Quoit, he enquired of a group assembled round the village smithy whether any one could tell him aught about the heap of stones on the hill-top. Several had "nivver haard on 'en," but another said, "Tes caal'd the gient's kite; tha's arl I knaw." At last, one more thoughtful, and one who, I found out, was considered the wiseacre and oracle of the village, looked up and gave me this important piece of information: "Them ere rocks were put there afore you or me was boern or thoft on; but who don et is a puzler to everybody in Sunnur. I de bleve theze put up theer wen thes ere wurld wus maade; but wether they wus or no don't very much mattur by hal accounts. Thes, I know, that nobody caant take an' car 'em awaa; ef anybody was too, they'd be brot theer agin. Iss, an' ef they wus tyked awaa wone nite, theys shur to be hal rite up top o' th' hill fust thing in morenin. But I caant tell 'ee s' much as Passon can; ef ye'd zee 'e, 'e'd tell 'ee hall about et."

Education since the time when the foregoing conversation took place has made any repetition

of that quaint talk unlikely, but if their speech is not nowadays so uncouth down to Zennor churchtown, certainly their knowledge of the age and the history of Zennor Quoit has not advanced, and the nearest one can get to an opinion is that "'tes wunnerval auld: a many gentlemen comes to see et, an' some thinks this an' some that. Lor' bless ye, I've sin vivty or moor on 'em up theer to once; larned men, some on 'em, but I don' knaw; we've got plenty auld stones yur."

And so they have, for as you come down hill into Zennor churchtown—that is to say, Zennor village—and see the usual grey church tower standing up boldly from the hollow, starkly outlined against a world of waters and a horizon half way up the sky, it is an amazing scatter of boulderous disorder you see down in the little plain surrounding the church and the few houses. A large proportion of the great weathered knobs of granite from the surrounding carns seem at some distant period to have rolled down to the spot where Zennor stands, and to have in after-ages been left there from the sheer impossibility of moving such ponderous masses without engineerng aid. Grey and lichen-stained, they lie half embedded in the grass of the little common, through which runs the road; astonishing to a stranger. Zennor has a curious reputation, derived from these rocky circumstances. To all the villages in the neighbourhood it is known as "the place where the cow ate the bell-rope," because there was no grass; but Zennor does not allow this to be

a true bill, and passes on the indictment to Morvah, the next village westward. And when the traveller proceeds to Morvah and thence arrives at Pendeen, he will probably feel inclined to fix the onus upon Pendeen. But of that presently.

I have seen a cow—not cows—feeding at Zennor, not on bell-ropes, but on the perhaps scanty grass, and so things may have progressed since that old reproach was new.

There are only two other places in England

ZENNOR.

whose names begin with Z except the hamlet of Zelah, near Mitchell; Zeal Monachorum, in Devonshire, and Zeals, Wiltshire. Nor should that of Zennor begin with any other letter than S, for the church-dedication, whence, as usual in Cornwall, comes the place-name, is said to be to one St. Senar, or Sinara, a virgin saint, of whom nothing is known. West-country pronunciation has done the rest: just as Somerset becomes "Zummerzet" in that county, so has the softer sound of "Senar" or "Senan" changed to the hard and uncompromising "Zennor."

A modern historian of Zennor exhibits a complete satisfaction at the restoration of the church that does not find a response in the minds of those who turn aside to visit it. He tells us that it was "the last in the district to be renovated"; and renovated in the full sense of the term it has been. The old carved seats, he says, had all, with one exception, disappeared, and had been replaced by family boxes. Two old bench-ends remained. The "family boxes," that is to say, tall pews, have been removed, and cheap, open seats put in their place. The interior of Zennor church is thus up-to-date; and what a fine and desirable thing that is in a wild and unconventional country!

A sad tale of an infatuated young man belongs to Zennor. It is a tale of the folk-lore order, so let us hope it is not true. In the choir, it seems, at some unspecified period, sang the squire's son, and he sang so beautifully—probably he was only a throaty tenor, but no matter—that one of the mermaids who notoriously abounded off Zennor Cove fell in love with him. And she enticed him to the seashore, and thence into the sea, and he was nevermore seen. To put this lamentable incident on record for ever, the wood-carvers, who in the fifteenth century filled the church with decorative bench-ends, in the manner of that age, carved one of them with a representation of the mermaid; and it is precisely one of the two that have survived. Looking upon it, we see the conventional siren. In one

hand she holds her mirror, and in the other a comb large enough for a curry-comb. Her scaly tail, you think, might of itself have frightened the young man, but perhaps the transcendent beauty of her face overcame that. Unfortunately, her good looks is a subject on which we have no information, for the features as shown on the carving have been unkindly obliterated, perhaps in the interests of any other impressionables of Zennor, who might, taking the lovely creature as a sample, lose their heads and meet a similar watery fate, down among the dead men. Certainly, time and wanton damage have between them spoiled any beauty she may have displayed here; but, looking upon the uncouth thing, one is strongly of opinion that the intentions of those old craftsmen were far in advance of their execution, and that the figure could never have been a good advertisement for mermaids.

THE MERMAID OF ZENNOR.

"The Glory of the world Paseth," says a sundial on the south wall of the church, made, as the inscription tells us, by Paul Quick in 1737; and the golden afternoon wanes; so with a glimpse of Pendour Cove, let us make for Gurnard's Head, passing the head of Porthglaze Cove and

so across a ridge and up a farm-track to where Gurnard's Head is suddenly displayed: a rocky mass jutting boldly to sea, connected with the mainland by a grassy isthmus. Its olden name, "Trereen Dinas," is exactly similar to that of the headland on the south coast where the Logan Rock is situated and the two places strikingly

GURNARD'S HEAD.

resemble one another. The cove on the eastern side of Gurnard's Head, with the coastguard station, is Roseanhale.

Here the sailing-vessel, *Alexander Yeats*, was wrecked, September 20th, 1896. She was homeward-bound from Darien with a cargo of pitch-pine, and was in tow of a steam-tug. The hawser parted in a gale, and the vessel drifted helplessly

inshore under the eastern side. The Hayle and St. Ives lifeboats both started for the scene, but the first was obliged to return. The crew of nineteen were saved, but the ship became a total loss.

Many people visit Gurnard's Head from Penzance and St. Ives, good roads leading from either place, but few ever explore the many prehistoric remains in this district. They take a great deal more patience and determination in the finding, being all in more or less wild and lonely situations. Thus, in the rough moorland within three miles of the cross-roads, leading to Gurnard's Head, St. Ives, Penzance, and St. Just, there are no fewer than seven interesting objects of the first importance : the bee-hive huts at Bosporthennis, Mulfra Cromlech, the Mên Scryfa, the Mên-an-Tol, Lanyon Cromlech, Chûn Castle, and Chûn Cromlech. Some of them are spectacular objects, some not ; but all take a powerful deal of walking and questing for, even though they are all situated within such comparatively narrow geographical limits.

The Bosporthennis huts are the easiest to find, simply because they stand just beyond the farm-place of Bosporthennis, on the right hand of the road from Gurnard's Head to Penzance, and because, although you cannot see where they lie, the way may be ascertained from the people of the farm. There they stand, a quarter of a mile away, in the corner of a ragged meadow, in a tangle of blackberry brambles. There are

two of these ancient dwellings, of a later type than the original beehive hut, consisting of the original circular structure with a square chamber added. The description "beehive" alludes to the construction of the circular portion, where each successive course of unmortared stones slightly overlaps the lower, thus bringing the opening at the top to such small proportions that it could readily be closed with one slab. A larger collection of such huts, but in less perfect condition, is found at Chysauster, further on the road to Penzance. The name means "the heaped-up houses." No one has yet definitely decided the age of these dwellings, which may, indeed, belong to a very wide period, extending from before the Romans to the Romano-British period. The improvement of the original beehive type seems to indicate a long occupation.

The farm-people at Bosporthennis cherish a continual mild astonishment at the interest shown by strangers in these relics. "Just auld stones," they say; and add that "we can build better now": a proposition evident enough. But the practical business of farming does not make for sympathy with archæology.

Mulfra Quoit, the next on the list of these mystic relics, is best reached by returning to the road and making for Mulfra Hill, on which it stands. Moel, or Moelfre, is a Celtic word, common in Wales, meaning a hill. The "Quoit" strikingly resembles that of Zennor, in its fallen position.

The desolate, yet in its way beautiful, country can be seen for many miles from this height of Mulfra. There the dark moors stretch away, with the engine-house of the deserted Ding-Dong mine, said by some to be the most ancient in Cornwall, the only sign of man's activities. And yet, unknown years ago, these wilds must have been populated by a hardy race. "But, Lord," as Pepys might say, "knows who they were." Perhaps the astrologers and medicine-men of those times had their observatories here, among the tombs of the chieftains who were laid beneath the cromlechs of Zennor, Mulfra, Lanyon, and Chûn; for certainly the Mên-an-Tol, across the downs, is an astronomical or astrological instrument. We come to it by grassy tracks, first passing the Mên Scryfa, or "Written Stone," a rough granite pillar, nine feet ten inches in height, capped with moss, and inscribed:

RIALoBRAN
CVNoVAL FIL

It seems clear enough that Rialobran, son of Cunovalus, was a Romanised Briton, but it is not so clear, as sometimes thought, that this Cunovalus is identical with the British king known in Shakespeare as Cymbeline.

The Mên-an-Tol, that is to say, the stone with a hole in it, lies close to the Mên Scryfa, in a south-westerly direction. This curious monument consists of three stones set in line. The central stone, which gives the name to the group, is

four feet in diameter and one foot thick, and the hole that has been neatly made in it is one foot three inches in diameter. Legends have, of course, clustered around it. One of the most popular stories about the "Crick Stone," as it is locally known, is that, if a person with a crick in the back crawls nine times through the hole, and then sleeps with a sixpence under his pillow, he will be straightway cured. But the effort of performing this feat would initially be almost impossible for any one so afflicted, and he would need to be a person of an elegant thinness to crawl through that hole. It was also thought a sure cure for rickets in children, to pass them through the hole; and spinal diseases and scrofula were supposed to be cured by the same agency. But these were all superstitious accretions upon the original purpose of the Mên-an-Tol, which, according to the latest scientific observations of Sir Norman Lockyer, was astronomical. The upright stones at either side are sighting stones for observing the sunrise in May and August, and in the opposite direction the sunset in February and November.

To reach Chûn Castle, the direction is still south-west, and across the Penzance and Morvah road. The walking is rough, but the uncertainty of the way may be lessened by instructions to make for the biggest of the carn-crested hills in front. That is Chûn Castle, and the castle amid the haggard rocks on the summit is a prehistoric hill-fort, rather than a mediæval building.

It is a grey vastness of heaped-up, unmortared walls, three rings of walls within the mighty ceinture of a forty-foot dry ditch; the greatest length of the circle thus enclosed, 145 feet. Confused ruins of subdividing walls and the remains of a well are seen within. Chûn Cromlech stands below, on the western side. It is still perfect, the capstone remaining in its original position.

Lanyon Cromlech lies away back to the east again, in a field close to Lanyon farmhouse, which stands beside the Penzance and Morvah road. It is a fine spectacular object, the capstone, eighteen and a half feet in length, resting on three rough pillars. It fell in 1815, and was replaced in 1824 with the hoisting machinery used by Lieutenant Goldsmith in replacing the Logan Rock in its original position. Unfortunately, not only was a portion of the capstone broken in the fall, but the pillars were cut down, so that the clearance from the ground is now only five feet and a half. When Borlase wrote of Lanyon Cromlech, the height permitted a man on horseback to ride under it.

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CHAPTER XIV

BOSIGRAN — MORVAH — PENDEEN — CARN KENIDZHEK AND THE GUMP—THE LEVANT MINE—BOTALLACK—WHEAL OWLES

RETURNING to Gurnard's Head, and continuing the coast-walk from the Gurnard's Head Hotel, that stands a little woebegone in these stark latitudes, the head of Porthmear Cove is reached ; a deep, secluded inlet, where he who would explore must have a steady eye, sure feet, and some endurance too, for descending and scaling the rocky walls. A stream dashes down to the sea, and completes a rarely beautiful scene Across the next headland Bosigran Castle looms grandly up ; one of the innumerable " cliff-castle " headlands. Here the going is, if possible, worse, and the scenery more grand. To search for the Logan Stone on this pile of rocks is to endure much, and when you have found it the thing won't log to any appreciable extent.

There is a very welcome wayside house, half farmhouse, half inn, beside the high road, half a mile inland from this place, and taking its name from it, the " Bosigran Castle." It has a fine lawn, open to the road in front : a remarkable

feature in this untamed country. Here the weary traveller may well rest a night before attacking the fine cliff scenery between this point and Morvah. The distance is but two miles, but the obstacles, in the way of deep valleys and little porths, cleft sharply in the granite, entail much climbing, and the scenery is too grand to be hurried over. Porth Moina, *i.e.* Monks' Porth, is the next to Bosigran, and then follow others that appear by the maps to have no names. One rocky ledge I remember, amidst granite pinnacles that rise sharply from the sea, where a thin stream of water comes spouting over the blackened rocks and falls into the immensity of the ocean, reminding one, somehow, of that striking passage in the "Light of Asia":

> ". . . the sunrise comes,
> The shining dewdrop falls into the sea."

Beyond Morvah, past the stony hamlets of Higher Bojewyan, *i.e.* Jews' Home, and Bojewyan Stennack, the road sweeps round inland to St. Just-in-Penwith, but the coast juts out boldly to Pendeen Watch, with Pendeen Cove under its lee, where a few fishing-boats are sheltered. A lighthouse now flashes a warning ray—four flashes and an interval—from this point, and so the reef known as the Three Stone Oar, half a mile out to sea, has now lost some of its ancient terrors. At Pendeen the old manor-house still remains, now a farmhouse, where Dr. William Borlase was born in 1695. At the back of it

THE ROAD TO PENDEEN.

opens the artificial cave called Pendeen Vau, of which he afterwards wrote learnedly. Pendeen church overlooks the district from the mining village inland: an ugly, soul-depressing building, purporting to be a copy of St. Iona's cathedral, but resembling its original so remotely that the likeness is not easily seen. It was designed by Robert Aitken, a man of curiously individual character, who left the Church of England for independent preaching, and then reverted to the Establishment. Curate of Perranuthnoe from 1842 to 1844, he was afterwards vicar of this then newly constituted parish of Pendeen, and died in 1873.

The church is of his own design, and the miners of Pendeen worked the granite and helped with the building, for love of him and admiration of his preaching; which seems to prove him a better preacher than architect. It is enclosed within its churchyard by a wall and a massive frowning gateway, and creates the suspicion that some bygone government, proposing to build a convict prison here, had started with the chapel and then abandoned the project. But the Pendeeners are very proud of it. To be sure, they have little else of which they can legitimately be proud here, for in every direction the eye glances over a mining-field that has been exploited with thoroughgoing diligence, and is now declining. The land, parcelled into fields and closes by rough stone walls, themselves mostly ruinous, was never good, and is now heaped

everywhere with the most hopeless rubbish; while up on the moors lowers the "whisht" district known as "the Gump," with the cresting rocks of Carn Kenidjack above. The miners have never explored the Gump and Carn Kenidjack for minerals, perhaps because they suppose none are to be found there, but more probably because of the superstitious awe they still have of the place. Kenidjack, or Kenidzhek, is the Place of Howling. It is the wind that howls up there, amid the queerly shaped rocks, but these imaginative people have thought it that and more. Like Tennyson, who exclaimed, when a boy of five,

"I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind,"

they have heard voices, and they knew (I don't think they know it so certainly now) that the Devil hunts lost souls up there o' nights. The howling proceeds from them, pursued by fiends riding the ancient decrepit horses that are seen in these fields by day, and are made by those fearful riders to perform super-equine deeds when the midnight hour has come. Robert Hunt well describes the place: "Hoary stones, bleached by the sunshine of ages, are reared in fantastic confusion. The spirits of the Celts, possibly the spirits of a yet older people, dwell amidst these rocks. Within the shadow of this hill are mounds and barrows, and mystic circles, and holed stones, and rude altars, still telling of the past. The dead hold undisputed possession of all around; no ploughshare has dared to invade

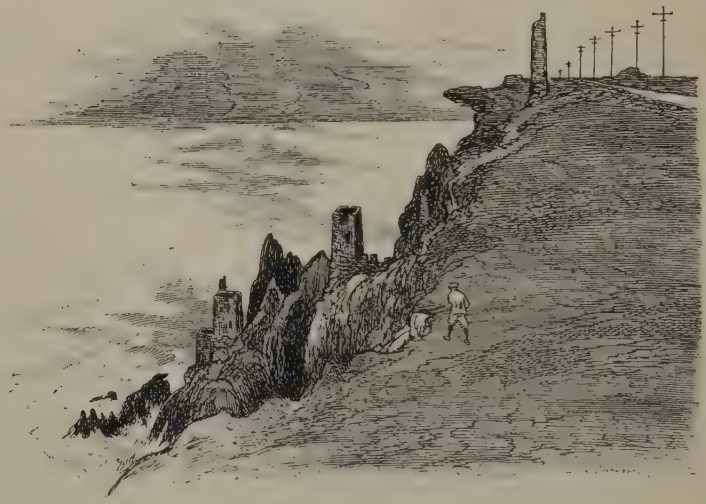
this sacred spot, and every effort made by modern man to mark his sway is indicated by its ruin. Nothing but what the Briton planted remains, and if tales tell true, it is probable long years must pass before the Englishman can banish the Celtic powers who here hold sovereign sway."

Down by the seashore, all these romantic imaginings give place to mining squalor, interrupted only by the less squalid activities of the great Levant Mine: less squalid because they still are active.

On the way from the Levant mine the cliffs again present the same aspect of that worst form of desolation, the end of a once prosperous industry. Not one square inch of ground remains as nature left it, but the rock has been heaped up and scooped out and flung hither and thither in a very abandonment of ruin. The "deads," or worthless refuse of the pits, are furthermore mingled with the shattered slates and scattered stones of demolished engine-houses, as though the miners, enraged at nature affording them no more metal, had wantonly laid everything waste. The scene curiously resembles the site of a great clearance of houses in London. It has all the squalor of hopeless disorder, accentuated by the acute contrast with the clear air and the wonderful expanse of sea and sky. The scene is, in fact, so at variance with the romantic Land's End district, that it is almost an indecency, like a handful of mud thrown upon the Venus of Milo.

Here we come upon the site of old Botallack

mine. Looking down over the dizzy cliffs' edge, the roofless old engine-houses on the islanded Crown rocks are seen, with the sea washing down below. Botallack produced tin and copper, and was for many years the " show " mine of Cornwall. For nearly two centuries it had been producing wealth, and was gradually pushed further out



BOTALLACK TO-DAY.

under the sea ; in that time earning a wonderful and well-deserved reputation for picturesqueness. The seventy-fathom level was driven out more than four hundred feet from shore, and in that gallery the miners could in time of storm hear the waves and stones rumbling overhead. The Boscawen shaft, an inclined plane, was begun in 1858, to strike a rich lode of copper, and at last reached a depth of nearly half-a-mile. The maze

of perilous-looking wooden ladders and platforms descending the face of the dark slate and hornblende cliffs, exposed to the roughest weather, never failed to attract the curiosity of visitors and the pencils of artists, and there are still not a few who, having heard of these marvels, proceed to Botallack, to view them with their own eyes. But all those hazardous holds are now gone, and all that remains are the deserted engine-houses down there, two hundred feet below.

Instead of these thrilling sights the stranger will find, on the verge of the cliffs, a very new and very large and commonplace red-brick engine-house, of a type quite new to Cornwall; resembling that of an electric generating station. It is the most prominent evidence here of the recent revival of Cornwall's chief industry, and is indeed the electrically installed engine-house of the new Botallack company.

For Botallack is again in work, after nearly fourteen years of ruin and desolation. The enhanced price of metals has largely contributed to the beginning of this new enterprise, but a newer and more scientific order of things has had also a good deal to say to it. The engine-house buzzes with electricity, and is filled with the most costly and up-to-date plant, distributing power very widely. The new company, with a capital of £150,,000 was formed in November 1906, and began crushing ore with twenty stamps in June 1908.

Mining accidents, as already remarked on an

earlier page, are not common in Cornwall, and the memory of the dreadful disaster that happened on January 10th, 1893, at Wheal Owles, just outside St. Just, will therefore, if for that reason alone, not soon or easily be forgotten. Wheal Owles was a tin-mine on the face of these cliffs, south of Botallack, and was at the date of the accident the only portion still in work of a large mine of that name, whose old workings extend a considerable distance inland, as far as the road itself into St. Just churchtown. The sole remaining shaft was approached by a climb down the face of the cliff, and some of the levels extended beneath the sea. Between seven and eight o'clock on that fatal morning forty-one miners descended to their work, some proceeding to the 55-fathom level, some to the 65 fathom and some to the 125 fathom. It was in the 65 level that the accident is believed to have happened. It had long been known that the levels were surrounded by huge bodies of water, collected in the deserted works of Wheal Drea and in the abandoned portions of Wheal Owles itself, yet no danger seems to have been anticipated, and boring and blasting were in progress when the rocky walls suddenly fell in, and a deluge of water came pouring through. All but two of those at work in the level were drowned, and they happened to be close to the shaft. In the next lower level, the 75 fathom, only one man escaped, and he had been tramming ore to the shaft. He was flung violently up the ladder by the tremendous rush of air forced along

BOTALLACK,
AS IT WAS.

as the water filled the lower workings, extinguishing every light. Twenty-one were saved, and twenty were drowned. Ninety-five fathoms of water collected in the mine. It was found impossible to drain it and the shaft was closed; and thus to this day the bodies of those twenty victims remain in that cimmerian lake, five hundred feet down there.

Kenidjack Castle is the name of the rugged headland on the cliffs close by the scene of the Wheal Owles disaster. Mine works, tumuli, and the remains of a stone circle dispute possession of the place. Southward, across the sandy Porthleden Cove, where a heavy surf thunders in the westerly breeze like the distant booming of great guns, rises Cape Cornwall, next to Pendennis, near Falmouth, the largest of those singular headlands common on these coasts, of which the Gurnard's Head, and Trereen Dinas, near Porthcurno, are the next most prominent examples. All exhibit the feature of a promontory, with a large, craggy, elevated head, approached by a low, narrow and much less rugged neck; generally found to have been trenched across at its narrowest part by the prehistoric peoples of this land, thus converting the headlands into what have been picturesquely called "cliff castles."

At present, however, instead of proceeding to Cape Cornwall, I shall track along inland, up the valley of a little stream, to the high-road at the hamlet of Nancherrow, where, scaling a rise, the road comes into St. Just churchtown.

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CHAPTER XV

ST. JUST-IN-PENWITH—CAPE CORNWALL—WHITE-SAND BAY—SENNEN COVE—LAND'S END

ST. JUST-IN-PENWITH, so called to distinguish it from St. Just-in-Roseland, near Falmouth, is a dreary town that has seen better days; better days commercially, not architecturally speaking, for it was in the times when mining was most successful that the smug, common-place inns, banks, shops, and private residences of the place were built, without a trace of beauty or interest. Every building is a plain matter-of-fact square or oblong box, with a lid, and they all face arid, expressionless streets, in which nothing is to be found save sportive winds and dust: the two in alliance forming miniature desert sandstorms. Imagine the dullest, smallest provincial town of your acquaintance, and further imagine it to be the afternoon of an early-closing day, and there, in brief, you have what the local people (being usually unable in these parts to pronounce the letter "j" or "g" without considerable difficulty) call "St. Toost," or "St. Oost." From this circumstance antiquaries, not always conversant with this linguistic disability have been led to

suppose the real dedicaton of the church—and consequently therefore the name of the town—to be St. Eustatius, in Cornish "Usticke"; or perhaps the Welsh St. Ust. There are twenty-three St. Justs in the Roman calendar of saints; and it has been held that the St. Just here indicated is one of these, Justus, fellow-missioner with St. Augustine to England in A.D. 596, afterwards

ST. JUST CHURCH.

Bishop of Rochester, and Archbishop of Canterbury in A.D. 616. But the ancient Cornish legend of St. Just discloses him as a quarrelsome fellow, contemporary with St. Senan, whose cell was where Sennen is now, four miles south-west in a straight line, and tells how the two angrily flung boulders at one another, over that space. It is quite certain that Justus would not have done that, even supposing he could; and the

legend therefore points to one of the fifth-century Irish saints sent over by St. Patrick to instruct the Cornish in religion and manners.

St. Just church makes many amends for the stark and stricken character of the town. It is a fine early sixteenth-century example of Perpendicular, with excellent south porch and tall western pinnacled tower, diminishing markedly by stages in what architects term awkwardly a "batter." Whether the object of the designers was to increase the apparent height, or whether it was done to in some way neutralise the effect of the winds upon a tower in this exposed district does not appear.

The nave and aisles are long and low, the piers to the springing of the nave-arcades measuring only about seven feet, although their graceful clustered shafts make them appear really much taller. The walls, especially on the north side, are constructed largely of enormous granite boulders selected from the surrounding moors, and unworked by the mason's tools. The interior as well as the exterior now well discloses them, the internal plaster having been stripped off at the restoration of some thirty or forty years ago: a restoration by Piers St. Aubyn, which otherwise wrought frightful havoc with the interior. St. Aubyn, an arch-restorer in Cornwall at that period, and perpetrator of many enormities, found an ancient cross-shaft of the fifth or sixth century, which had been built partly across the arch of a window in the north aisle by the sixteenth-

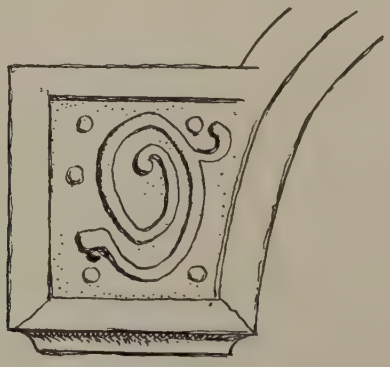
century men who rebuilt the church. Although it bears finely interlaced patterns, he mutilated it by cutting the projecting part away, so that it should not interfere with the symmetry of the window. At the same time the characteristic old Cornish waggon-roof, carved in oak, was

INTERIOR, ST. JUST CHURCH.

torn down and replaced by the abomination of pitch-pine.

The wreathed sculpture of the pillar capitals is very varied and exceptionally fine, by reason of most of the pillars and their capitals being of the more easily worked Beer stone, instead of the stubborn granite. The tracery of the east win-

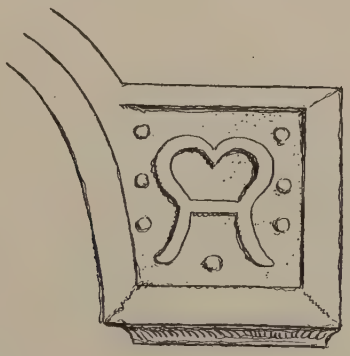
dows of the north and south aisles is exquisitely flowing. Better even than Flamboyant, although somewhat partaking of that nature, it seems almost to branch like some living plant. The stops to the hood-mould of the south of these two windows are very well worth notice. They appear to stand for the initial J for Jesus, with five pellets representng the five wounds of the Saviour; and the letter M for Mary, with seven



LABEL-STOP, ST. JUST.

pellets representing the seven dolours of the Virgin. A sixth-century inscribed stone, now placed at the west end of the north aisle, is one of the four discovered in Cornwall bearing the early Christian Chi-Rho device. Two others are at Phillack and Southill, near Callington. This example is apparently the tombstone of one Selus, or Senilus, bearing the words "Selus ic jacit," with the letters "ni" inserted above, as though the untutored carver had originally omitted them.

The remaining example was a small cross, brought about 1836 from a ruined chapel to St. Helen, at Parc-an-Chapel, on Cape Cornwall. It has long since disappeared, and is thought to have been flung down a well with one other cross by the Rev. G. C. Gorham, then vicar; the Gorham of the famous "Gorham Case." He conceived a dislike to them, as savouring of Roman Catholicism, and thus, with some con-

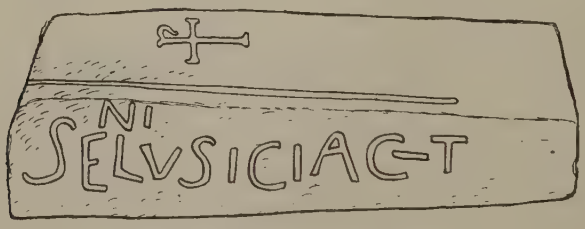


LABEL-STOP, ST. JUST.

siderable ceremony in the doing of it, disposed of their hated presence. One has been recovered since, but the relic from the chapel is still missing.

Even in dull St. Just, apart from its interesting church, there is something of note, for hard by the "Commercial Inn" are the remains of the ancient amphitheatre in which the old Cornish miracle-plays were acted. They are not very striking remains, these low banks and enclosing circle of the "plan-an-guare," literally the "place for play," for time has worn them down; but

they serve to keep in mind those times when many towns and villages in Cornwall had the like. The Cornish in olden times seem to have possessed the dramatic instinct very strongly combined with religion, and heartily supported religious dramas, of which the "Seven Champions of Christendom," "The Origin of the World," and the moving tragedy of "St. George and the Dragon" appear to have been public favourites. The people patronised these displays in a way



THE SENILUS STONE, ST. JUST.

comparable only with the crowds that assemble nowadays to watch cricket and football matches; and when the old miracle-plays ceased, and religion declined, the "plans-an-guary" in Cornwall became the scenes of wrestling, boxing, hurling, and a variety of pagan displays that remained popular until John Wesley—another and a better Augustine—came in the eighteenth century, and effected a sudden and complete conversion. A considerable literature survives of the old Cornish drama, by which it would appear that some of the pieces lasted three days, and that the audience camped upon the spot

until the piece, however long, was concluded. The scene of all these things is now overlooked by mean cottages, and forms something in the nature of a children's playground.

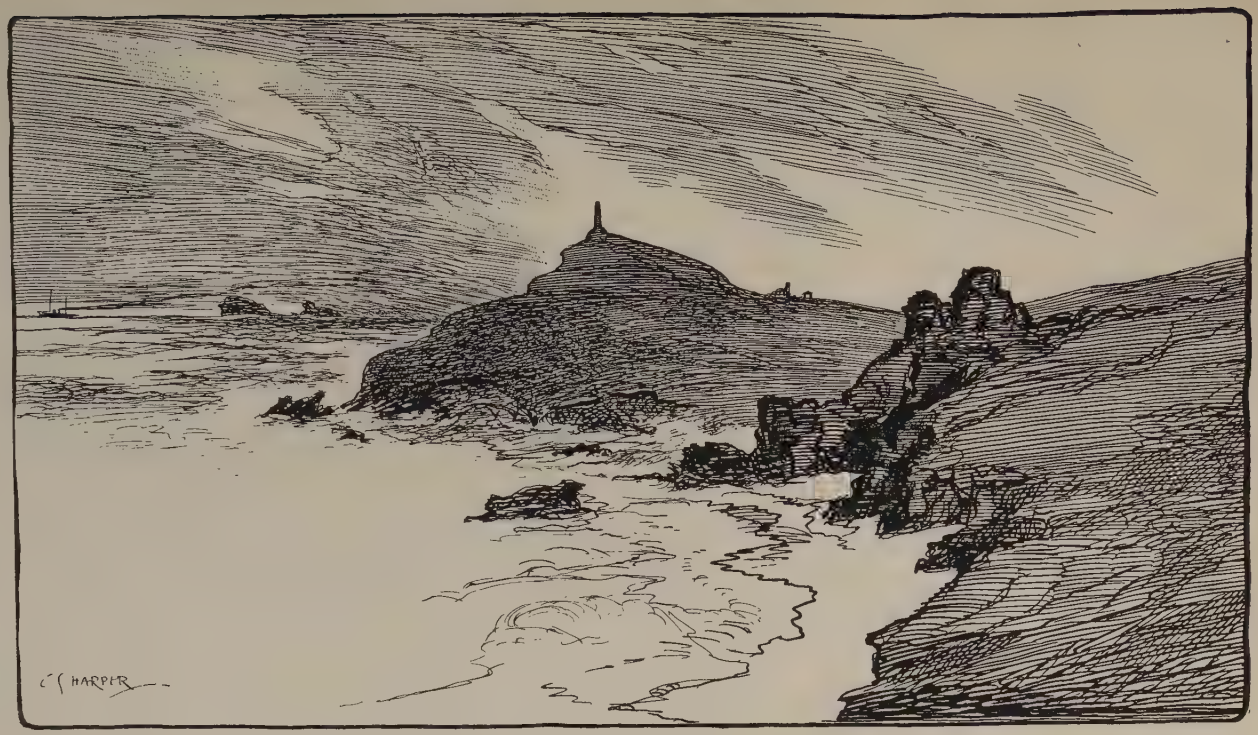
A mile and a half due westward of St. Just, Cape Cornwall projects boldly into the Atlantic, rising gradually from a meadow neck of land, over a boulder-strewn down, to a considerable height, whence you look down upon some more deserted mine-works, and out to where "the Brisons," or "the Sisters," two ugly, jagged black island rocks, stand ringed about with foam. They are three-quarters of a mile off-shore, but the clearness of the Cornish air is such that they appear to be only one-third that distance. No vessel has any business so close inshore as the Brisons, but fogs and gales, sometimes in combination along these terrible coasts, defy all charts and reckonings, and thus those rocks have been the scene of shipwrecks, none more dramatic than that of the brig *New Commercial*, January 11th, 1851, when the ship struck and immediately went to pieces. Eight out of ten on board were drowned.

A frugal industry is carried on, temporarily it may be supposed, between the summit of Cape Cornwall and Porthleden Cove. It seems that observant persons, noticing traces of tin in the sands of the cove, have established wire cables on the cliff-top which lead down to the shore, and along these cables are sent up buckets of sand, to be treated for the tin, which, it is thought,

derives from the refuse rock thrown for many years into the sea from Botallack.

Many years ago, walking round Cape Cornwall, I met an old, old man who held me with his glittering eye, as did the Ancient Mariner the Wedding Guest. But he told no tale of an albatross, nor of weird experiences afloat. He said that Cape Cornwall was England's only cape, and moreover declared that it was the true Land's End, and really projected further westward than the so-called "Land's End," four miles southward of this spot. And, having imparted these two items of information, he went his way, having raised doubts as to the credibility of surveyors and cartographers in general, which have not been lessened in late years by the discovery that several mountains in various parts of the earth, on being re-surveyed, have had their altitudes very considerably revised. It is a horrid thought that, after all these uncounted years, in which millions of people have flocked to the spot they have fondly believed to be Land's End, every one may have been wrong, and that, Cape Cornwall, which few people visit, is the real farthest point. But the thought is not without some compensation. A spot called "Land's End" should certainly have more in the way of tremendous climax and finality about it than Land's End possesses ; and Cape Cornwall is scenically much finer.

It is about five miles by the cliffs from Cape Cornwall to Land's End, chiefly by coastguard-



CAPE CORNWALL.

paths along low cliffs, and along the white sands of Whitesand Bay to Sennen Cove. The unpretending little nook southward of Cape Cornwall is Carrickgloose, *i.e.* "Hoar Rock," Cove. Then follow Porthnanven, with a little stream running down from Nanjulian, Pol Pry = the Clay Pool, Aire Point, Carn Creagle, the "Crying Carn," probably a look-out place for the huers of pilchards, and Carn Olva, in the middle of Whitesand Bay. Here, in a hollow called Vellandraeth, *i.e.* "the mill in the sand," where a stream comes trickling to the shore, the remains of ancient tin stream-works were found many years ago, together with the horns and skeleton of a deer and some oak branches, thirty feet deep. Borlase, writing in the eighteenth century, gives several other names on the way to Land's End.

Whitesand Bay fronts sheer upon the Atlantic, but is in some small degree sheltered between the projecting points, north and south, of Cape Cornwall and Land's End. Hence perhaps the comparative calm of the waves that roll in upon those white sands, and hence the repeated landings here, of which history tells us: of Athelstan in the tenth century, returning from subduing Scilly; of Stephen in 1135; King John, coming home from Ireland; Perkin Warbeck, in 1497.

It is a comparative calm only, and winter tells a very different tale in Whitesand Bay and Sennen Cove. Here the only lifeboat along the coast in all the forty dangerous miles between St. Ives and Penzance is stationed, and until the

recent building of the breakwater here it was often impossible to launch it. Hence the undeserved reproach against the men of Sennen Cove when they failed to go out to a wreck in 1890.

Sennen Cove, sheltered under the low cliffs at the southern extremity of this wide bay, comes as a surprise, for it is not only a fisher village, but nowadays something also of an artist colony; and a comfortable artistic home or so have been built above the beach, and not often an Academy exhibition passes without a canvas or two painted here. You may hear a good deal of the Sennen Cove people in Penzance or St. Just, where they still keep the reputation of being "a rough lot." They live in a rough place, but the place and its inhabitants have been a little polished in the last few years; and although it is still said of them, with something of awe, "they *do* swear," I confess to never having heard a single d—n. But there is yet a certain isolation about the folk of Sennen Cove that does not perhaps commend itself to other neighbourhoods. It is not often visited, for the larger proportion of visitors to Land's End just drive, or walk, or cycle from Penzance and back, and give neither time nor energy to this part of the coast. Under those circumstances these hardy fisherfolk take on something of the hard, stern character of the seas and rocks that surround them. They are sufficient to themselves, and this population of some three hundred is perhaps the most self-

LAND'S END. [*After W. Daniell, R.A.*

contained to be found in England. Occasionally their boats, with the distinguishing "S.C.," are to be found in Penzance harbour, with catches of mackerel, hake, or pilchards, but a large proportion of their fish is consumed in the Cove itself, or in neighbouring St. Just.

The last mile to Land's End is on an ascending scale of rugged beauty. Leaving the Cove behind, the headland of Pednmaen-du, *i.e.* the "Black stone headland," is reached, with a land- and seascape unrivalled in its way, unfolded. A mile and a quarter out to sea rises the Longships lighthouse, with the Shark's Fin rocks half hidden between it and the shore, and a family of reefs close at hand, curiously named Little Bo, Bo Cowloe, and Cowloe. The slate rocks here give place to the granite. Maen Castle is passed, a small example of the many prehistoric cliff-defences, with the "Irish Lady" rock standing boldly out of the sea and looking as little like a lady, Irish or other, as could be imagined. If the "dark Rosaleens" of Erin resembled that, I should be sorry.

And then, rounding the rocky cliffs of Gamper Bay, the stacked headland of Land's End comes into view.

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